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T O U R

THROUGH PARTS OF
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES,
IN 1778.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

By RICHARD JOSEPH SULLIVAN, Esq.

Semel emissum volat irrevocabile Verbum. HORACE.

SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCES.

M,DCC,LXXXV.



AND LAND BOOTS AND WARE

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

August 1778

POETICALLY and with a little

wrote to you, I now feel myself a little

fallen off, and therefore in the poor hand

ing-things of prose, must tell you, that

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York

T O U R
THROUGH PARTS OF
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

LETTER XIV.

August, 1778.

POETICALLY inspired when I last wrote to you, I now feel myself a little fallen off, and therefore, in the poor hanging-strings of prose, must tell you, that we are safe and sound lodged in the old and venerable city of Worcester. This town has been long famous in the annals of this country; Romans and Saxons have successively flourished in it, and of later

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days

days it has been signalized by the decisive engagement of Oliver Cromwell with his royal opponent, supported by the Scots. An engagement which afforded him what he called his *crowning mercy*. So elated was he, that he intended to have knighted in the field two of his generals, Lambert and Fleetwood; but was dissuaded by his friends from exerting that act of regal authority. His power and ambition were too great to brook submission to the empty name of a republic, which stood chiefly by his influence, and was supported by his victories. He now, we are assured, discovered to his intimate friends his aspiring views; and even expressed a desire of assuming the rank of King, which he had contributed with such seeming zeal to abolish.



The number of the inhabitants of Worcester, at this time, is considerable. The streets are large and well built, and the cathedral

cathedral is in high preservation, and of great antiquity. Like many others, however, of the first centuries, it is in the heavy Gothic stile of architecture, superior though, I must confess, to that of Gloucester. The whole nave is paved with large square stones, and an uncommon degree of neatness is observable through every part of it. The monuments in this church are few in comparison with those in other churches. One there is, indeed, well worthy of observation, erected to the memory of Bishop Hough, by Roubilliac. Besides this, there is nothing worthy of attention in Worcester, excepting the manufactures of China and of carpeting. On visiting the first, we found a degree of suspicion to run through the overseers. The materials of which the ware is composed, they tenaciously keep the knowledge of to themselves, even from the workmen, who are employed in the forming of the utensils. We discovered, indeed, that soap-

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stone and glass make two of the principal ingredients; but it was impossible to learn precisely the different processes they undergo. The following were all we could come to the knowledge of, possibly the whole; but I will not pretend to say.

The grinding the materials; the sifting them when formed into a liquid; the drying that liquid by a furnace into a consistency like dough; the treading of it and turning it, a laborious operation; the rough forming it into utensils by means of a wheel; this appeared the most curious. It was thus; a man, with a round piece of ebony before him, which turns horizontally by means of a small hand wheel, which is kept in motion by a boy, fixes a lump of clay upon the wood, and then with his fingers moulds it into form almost as quick as thought: these lumps being first compressed and squeezed into proper sizes for his use.

The chipping, paring, and giving these utensils their first polish; the forming and putting on of handles, spouts, and ornaments; the moulding of cream ewers, and such like vessels; the baking, which is done twice; the painting, or printing, the latter of which is kept a secret; the dipping or glossing it in a whitish liquid; and the burning-in the colours. Beyond this, if any thing was to have been learnt, we were necessarily compelled to remain ignorant. Every part is, however, curious, and should be looked at with attention. One hundred and sixty men are employed in this manufactory in the city of Worcester.

Leaving the China, we went to the carpeting manufactory. This, though probably simple, was yet more complicated to our ideas than that which we had parted with. The first operations were easy enough; such as the spinning from the wool;

wool; the twisting of silk and worsted together by a mill; the dying of it in colours; the winding it round bobbins in single threads; the winding three or four threads together; the putting the threads into the looms; and, lastly, the weaving of it. But how the threads were formed into patterns, or how those patterns were wrought into a complete whole, was more than we could comprehend, although the people shewed us, and, to the best of their ability, endeavoured to dissipate our stupidity. Seriously speaking, there is something uncommonly curious in this business: but use makes the greatest blockheads complete at an art which would puzzle the clearest heads, much more one of the consistency of mine.

Quitting, then, places, where the poorest animal outwitted us in every thing, we proceeded to Whitley, a seat of Lord Foley. This place disappointed our expectations,

pectations. From the elegance of this nobleman's town residence, and from Whitley's having been the constant residence of his forefathers, we expected to have found something superb. But the house is indifferently large; but far from magnificent. The rooms are low, and some of them so overcharged with gold, that they immediately tell you they are not the taste of the present times: in one of them are two good pictures.

One of John Lacy, in the characters of Parson Souple, Sandy, and Mons.

Devisé. And in another, A well-executed painting of Flora.

Nymphs and shepherds. And

A father Dominic.

The church, which is annexed to the house, is really an elegant building; the whole of it is beautified at a great expence; the sides, white and gold; the cieling divided

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into

into handsome compartments, with good scripture pieces, and the glass windows exquisitely painted by an artist of the name of Price, who executed them in the year 1719. Uncommonly handsome as this edifice is, it still carries a disadvantage, which those who are not uncommonly orthodox would dislike. It unfortunately is the parish church; so that the graves and tomb stones are absolutely in the area of the house. This I mentioned to the old lady who conducted us through the apartments; but she, shaking her head, and staring at me with surprize, very calmly replied, "If people are shocked at the sight of mortality, it is very easy for them to shut the windows."

The grounds belonging to this place are evidently neglected. From the first, indeed, they seem to be laid out with an indifferent taste. Much, however, might be done; though, it is more than probable,

ble, it will not be in this Lord's time, as he has never resided here since his accession to the estate.

From this place we proceeded to the banks of the Severn, which we crossed in a ferry boat; and thence passing through Ombersley, and along the borders of some improvements at Westwood, we next arrived at Droitwich, a town remarkable for salt springs, distant one hundred and fifteen miles from London. On visiting these springs, we found that the brine was thrown up from pits, some of which are one hundred and sixty feet deep. To transport this article with facility, a canal has been cut from Droitwich to within one mile and an half of Worcester, where it joins the Severn. The pay of the poor creatures who work at these springs, and whose persons and children bear evident marks of poverty and distress, is no more than a shilling a day, one with another, although

although for this they are almost constantly
debarred of rest, working incessantly, day
and night.

Droitwich was famous for its salt pits
in the reign of Alfred; and we find an
account of them in Doomsday Book,
where the town is spoken of as a place of
great repute, and one of the royal de-
mesnes. From Droitwich we continued
our route to Bromsgrove, a fair and po-
pulous town, distant from London about
one hundred and twenty-three miles.
The next day passing by Hagley, we pro-
ceeded on to Enville, a seat of Lord
Stanford's, in Staffordshire. This house
is unfortunately situated too low; it has
neither prospect nor airiness, and is, in
fact, buried at the foot of a hill. Had
the present possessor razed it entirely to
the ground, and erected another on some
more chosen spot, instead of the additions
and improvements, which at a consider-
able

able expence he is making, it would, perhaps, have been as little extravagant to his pocket in the end, and would most assuredly have rendered his residence more pleasing; he, however, knew best what he was about. It is only hard, that the sins of the fathers should visit the children unto the third and fourth generation.

In the front of the house, in the true old style, spreads a large triangular piece of water, which, instead of a beauty, is in every respect the reverse. From a pavilion, called the Boat House, on one side of this pond, there is a good view of a cascade tumbling down a valley, well planted with trees. Passing from this along the banks of the water, which in almost any other shape might have been made delightful, you are conducted into a shrubbery, which winding along the stream formed by the cascade, and afterwards by the cascade itself, affords a wild and romantic

manic assemblage. Still continuing in the shrubbery, you a little after come to another fall, but devoid of all the essential beauties of the first, and forming a pool (for I can give it no other name) which is really disgusting. Behind this, the grounds begin to swell in a pleasing manner; the woods carefully to spread, and the whole to form an agreeable variety. But still you are without prospect; nor are you better rewarded on your first ascending the hill; for though extensive, the scene is far from diversified. The next object you meet with, after leaving the cascade, is an indifferent building in the wood, called the Chapel, whence you have a glimmering of the water through the foliage of the trees. At length you get to what is denominated the High Meadow, from every side of which the eye wanders through the most variegated and commanding prospects. This view, indeed, is charming. It is only to be wondered

dered at, that some kind of turret has not been erected on it, to draw, as it were, the objects as from a central point of sight. Leaving the meadow, we descended into another part of the wood, to a rotunda, which has neither prospect nor elegance. Here the walks begin to widen, and to bear the appearance of some kind of attention, which, by the way, the other walks do not, and still increasing as you approach towards the bottom, conduct you to a billiard room, built in the Gothic style, and afterwards to a lawn, interspersed with trees, and a variety of shrubs. On the whole, Enville has certainly beauties; but it is still capable of a variety of improvements.

Having thus visited Enville, a little, I will confess, from the accounts I had heard of it, to my disappointment, we returned to Hagley, where every thing appeared in so different a style, that you must exert
your

patience, while I attempt to conduct you through the beauties of that terrestrial paradise. The mansion at Hagley was newly built by the late Lord Littleton, whose memory must ever be revered. It is large and commodious, and most equisitely fitted up. Nothing tawdry, nothing expensive, but all conceived with the happiest taste, and most admirably executed. In passing through these rooms, I could not but feel a glow of veneration at every step we took. Here, thought I, that good man sat and contemplated; there he studied the history of men and manners. In short, every corner painted him to my imagination; and I could not but envy the fate of him, who, with such objects constantly before him, could exultingly say, "This was my father."

On entering the hall, the first thing which strikes you is an artless simplicity and neatness. Presumption seems to have

been entirely banished from the house. On two pedestals in the hall are the marble busts of

Rubens and Vandyke. And

On one side, the busts of Heliogabalus and Maximim.

In the Saloon, whence you have a beautiful view of the park, is the original picture

Of Charles the First's family, by Vandyke.

And in the Drawing Room, which is elegant, and furnished with English tapestry, are the portraits

Of his friends and co-patriots, Lord Bath, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Cobham, Lord Hardwicke, and Mr. Henry Pelham.

From

From this room you enter the Long Gallery, which of all the rooms I have seen in England is the most to my fancy. It is completely furnished with chairs, tables, and brackets of carved work, done by an artist in the neighbourhood of Hagley. It is really elegant, exhibiting nothing but unpretending taste, simplicity, and ornament. The following are some of the pictures with which it is adorned :

Oliver Cromwell and the Duke of Monmouth,

A virgin and child, by Vandyke.

Lord Broucker, by Sir Peter Lely.

Countess of Exeter, by Vandyke.

Sir Charles Lyttelton, by Sir Peter Lely.

Sir William Fairfax, by Old Stone,
And

John Lyttelton, by Zuccaro.

In an adjoining Parlour,

Lord-keeper Lyttleton, by Wright.

Judge Lyttelton, a copy, by Paine;
from a picture in the Middle Tem-
ple Hall.

Miss Hester Lyttelton. And

Sir Richard Lyttelton, by Pompeia
Baptista.

From this room we entered the Li-
brary, the Sanctum Sanctorum, filled,
as you may suppose, with the choicest
collection of books, and ornamented with
the marble busts of Spenser, Shake-
speare, Milton, and Dryden, left to the
late Lord as a legacy by Pope, together
with the finely-executed pictures,

Of Pope himself and his dog Bounce,
Of Thomson and West.

Passing from this room, we scarcely
fancied any other worth looking at, al-
MOL. II. C though

TOUR THROUGH
though all are admirably proportioned,
and well fitted up. The following are
the best pictures in the collection:

In the Scarlet Bedchamber,
A portrait of Lord George Lyttelton,
well executed, by Reynolds.

In the Indian Dressing Room,
Lot and his two daughters, by Gar-
dano.

In the Dressing Room next the Saloon,
David with Goliath's head, copied
from Guido.

A Madonna and child, by Rubens.
And

A dead Christ, by Vandyke.

Leaving the lower floor, we ascended
to the bedchambers, which we found ele-
gantly arranged and furnished; but what
was our sad surprise when, in one of the
humblest

humblest apartments of the range, and without any previous preparation, our old conductress told us that there her good Lord had died.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate;
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

YOUNG.

Awe and reverence immediately seized hold of us. We contemplated in silence the place in which so good a man had winged his soul to immortality. The floor seemed hallowed as we trod. Speech became absorbed in thought; we softly withdrew, and felt what it is not possible to describe. After this, nothing more was worth attending to. We therefore descended; but, as we passed along, a certain something enticed us into an apartment incrustated with spar and shells, and a variety of minerals and fossils. It seemed the secret cell of some minister of goodness. It

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stopped

stopped us for the moment ; but onward we continued.

Charmed thus with the house, we next had the park to ramble through and admire : but here indeed I must beg your indulgence — My pen is inadequate to the task — It foils the very life and faculty of description. Conceive, however, to yourself, a beautifully-enamelled lawn, swelled in all the elegance of art and nature, for a distance of about four miles ; while hill, dale, and grove, delightfully interspersed, render it as perfect an elysium as possibly can be conceived. The tender fawn here finds a brow for play, and the little lambkin skips about with joy. The church, which is the nearest building to the house, is totally concealed from it ; a close embowering wood shades it entirely. In this are the simple monuments of George Lord Lyttelton himself,

himself, and of his beloved Lucy. The first a plain stone, with this inscription —

“ This unadorned stone is placed here
 “ at the particular desire, and at the ex-
 “ press direction, of the late right ho-
 “ nourable George Lord Lyttelton, who
 “ died 1773.”

And the second a plain white marble monument, with a Latin inscription, and these lines, written by his Lordship on his Lucy's decease: —

“ Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
 “ Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
 “ Polite, as all her life in courts had been,
 “ Yet good as she the world had never seen;
 “ The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 “ With gentlest female tenderness combin'd.
 “ Her speech was the melodious voice of love;
 “ Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
 “ Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 “ Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
 “ Her form each beauty of her mind expressed,
 “ Her mind was virtue by the Graces dressed.”

Leaving the church, you ascend a finely-sloping hill, with trees on each side, forming a beautiful amphitheatre, at the top of which is a monumental pillar, inscribed to the memory of the late Prince of Wales. No place could surely be adapted better; the form of the woods, and the age of the trees, giving it an awful and hallowed appearance of solemnity. All is stillness and quiet around; while a few mournful cypresses spread their modest branches immediately beneath. From this spot, sacred to gratitude, you proceed through various ways, each displaying some new beauty, till you arrive at the seat of Thomson. This is a spot dedicated to that poet; the inscription on it bespeaks an approbation of the man and of his works. Thomson was dear to the old Lord; in his lifetime he experienced it; at his death, his Lordship manifested it to his family. Hence you ascend a summit, that brings you to a tower erected on the brow

brow of a hill, bearing the mouldering appearance of antiquity, and commanding a most extensive prospect. The whole indeed of the heights in this park afford a fine assemblage of objects; a fertile and highly-cultivated country in every quarter, interspersed with woods, and bounded by the Clent Hills, the Malvern Hills, the Black Mountains in Wales, the Wrekin, and the Radnor Tump. Nothing, in short, can exceed the extent or the variety of the landscapes which they exhibit. From the tower you arrive at the foot house, or hermitage, in which are the following lines from *Il Penforoso* of Milton: —

“ And may at last my weary age
 “ Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 “ The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 “ Where I may sit and rightly spell
 “ Of ev’ry star that heav’n doth shew,
 “ And ev’ry herb that sips the dew,
 “ Till old experience doth attain
 “ To something like prophetic strain;
 “ These pleasures melancholy give,
 “ And I with thee will chuse to live.”

And on a seat a little below it, the following :—

- “ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good !
 “ Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
 “ Thus wondrous fair ! thyself how wondrous then,
 “ Unspeakable ! who sit above these heavens,
 “ To us invisible, or dimly seen,
 “ In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 “ Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.”

Winding the pleasurable way along, you then come to a seat inscribed to quiet and the muses. The walk on which this is placed, is still and shady. Nothing breathes, saving echo, to the tinkling rill. Here Pope was wont to pass his hours. It bears his name, and immediately conducts you to an urn inscribed to his memory. Beneath, and at the other side of the lawn, is a truly charming spot. A lovely ivy twines its tendrils round the body of an ancient oak, the oldest of the place. The woods surround it ; water, in murmurs, wanders at its side ; and carefully-formed vistas present a happy disposition

disposition of pavilions. Here the poet could sit him down and think. Wildness predominates every where; but, behind, another scene appears, to the full, as lovely; a rustic glen, in all the simplicity of nature, receives the bubbling of three lucid streams. These, wandering through the dale, at length lose themselves; but again bursting from the thicket, they form a cascade, and foam down a precipice, immediately in front of a building dedicated to Mr. Pitt. This glen has charms beyond description. All in all, Hagley has the advantage of every thing I have yet met with. It is possible it may be excelled; I doubt it; time will shew.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

August, 1778.

THE evening being far spent when we quitted Hagley, we resolved upon deferring our visit to the Leasowes until the next morning; proceeding therefore to Birmingham, we there slept, and early the next day set off for Shenstone's Walks, as they are there called, in a temper of mind more easily felt than described. Never did itinerants approach a spot with a greater degree of veneration, than we did this of that amiable bard. The first entrance strikes you with delight. The improvement is almost at the bottom of a deep glen, well planted with trees, and laved by a little stream. The priory gate gives you admittance. This, by a narrow walk, conducts you along the sides of a translucent

cent wave, formed by a small fall of water from a rude eminence, until you come to a pond, which, it must be confessed, is rather too formal, both in shape and termination. It possibly might be an advantage, were the pond filled up, or, at least, were it in some manner altered, for the stream which feeds it naturally widens in its progress; so that, with a very little trouble, it might be continued in a winding form until it should lose itself in the opposite valley. Proceeding from this place, you pass by another stream, which, like the former, might be turned into a better shape — It leads you to the wood house, rustically formed, and presenting you with a prospect of a cascade in its back ground, which has, I think, the finest effect I ever saw. This cascade is not forced from an eminence in one large column; it foams in a continued declension from a great distance, and is broken here and there with artless simplicity. Hence
you

you proceed to a statue, erected to Faunus, with these lines —

“Come, then, my friend, thy sylvan taste display;

“Come, hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay.

“Ah! rather come, and in these dells disown

“The care of others’ strains, and tune thine own.”

Leaving this, you continue till you open a view of the priory, and thence proceed along the brow of a corn field, which yields you a prospect of Briesly castle, and an extensive fertile country, till you come to the top of the hill, where you have a fine view of Hagley, the Wrekin, and of a highly picturesque and variegated country. The clump, however, in which the seat is placed, whence you see this, is too formally disposed; and the sheet of seemingly-stagnated water at the bottom, is far from either elegant or pleasing. Passing along a meadow, in which is a resting place under a beech tree, that commands a good prospect, you enter into the lover’s walk,

walk, which is nothing more than a path-
way through rather an indifferent wood.
This walk leads you to a piece of water,
which has the same imperfections with
those I have already mentioned, and then
conducts you, in a winding form, to a
long strait avenue, at the end of which is
the Temple of Pan. Here descending,
you come to a seat, inscribed to the late
Lord Lyttelton, which affords a pleasing
view. The grounds swell picturesquely
about it, and the murmuring of the wa-
ter that falls in sight gives it a great degree
of brilliancy. And here you bid adieu to
prospect; for suddenly descending into a
glen, you arrive at Virgil's obelisk, sur-
rounded with trees, and so delightfully
situated with respect to a transparent
stream, which runs rapidly beneath, that
you cannot but fancy yourself in the abodes
of the Sylvan deities. Near to Virgil's is
the seat of his brother poet, Thomson,
if possible, better placed than the former.
The

The cascade here tumbles in artless majesty: the stream rushes impetuously along: and the obelisk, peering through the trees, gives a solemnity and melancholy grandeur which is exquisitely pleasing. Happily too, the Naiad is delicately placed at the bottom of the cascade, and at such a distance, as if she were an inhabitant of the retreat, and was fearfully advancing to plunge into the water. Here, however, as in other parts, there is room for some little improvement. The bridge should be demolished that crosses the stream: no art should appear in the haunts of beauty and of love.

In contemplating the whole of this spot, the favourite of the favourite of the Muses, we could not but lament that his means had been too small to enable him to carry the improving bent of his genius into execution. Two hundred and fifty pounds a year were by no means sufficient. Few can
live

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live upon that ruin; much lets maintain
themselves and family; bring a place from
barrenness to be generally admired, and at
the same time keep up a noble independ-
ence in society. — Peace be to thy allies,
thou gentlest of human beings! — Thou
didst this. Heaven ne'er smiled upon thee;
but thou didst smile upon the wretched.
The tear of pity was ready at their suffer-
ings. What thou hadst, thou gavest. —
Charity herself could not have yielded
more.

Nor, Shenstone, thou
" Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace!
" Who knewst, perchance, to harmonize thy shades;
" Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
" Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
" To pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love."

MASON.

The name that this place goes by
throughout the country is Shenstone's
Walks: talk to them of the Leasowes,
and they do not understand you; their
hearts,

hearts, however, remember the goodness of him who gave them permission to amuse themselves in his little farm. Since the death of this good man, this place has fallen into many hands. It now belongs to a gentleman of the name of Horne, who has made some purchases around it, which Shenstone's circumstances could not reach to, and who intends, as we were given to understand, to continue the improvements.

From the Leafowes we again returned to Birmingham, and in our way stopped to ascend a whimsical tower which has been erected within about two miles of that town. The prospect from this tower is abundantly fine; but then it is so high, so slight, and the stairs so incapable of stopping one in case of a stumble, that I own I should not like to be an inhabitant of it in blustering weather.

Arrived

Arrived at Birmingham, we set to work, and paced it nearly from one end to the other. This place is really wonderful; for, although it sends no members to parliament, and is without a magistracy, it is one of the largest and most populous towns in the kingdom. It is situated in Warwickshire, and on the borders of Staffordshire. The houses are well built; the streets are broad and well paved; and the spirit of industry is so universally predominant, that not a person is seen, not even children, without being employed in some kind of business. Still keeping up its ancient character, as Camden has it, who says, "Bremicham was swarming with inhabitants, and echoing with anvils;" and this two centuries ago.

Messieurs Bolton and Fothergill carry on the greatest manufactory at this place. Their house and works are about two

miles distant from the town: we went to see them. To attempt an account of the various articles which are made there, would be madness: the progress of a single branch may, in most cases, be conceived; but when a multiplicity of them is brought before one, it requires a quicker degree of comprehension, and a much greater ductility of brain, than I am possessed of, to bring away any thing more than a general idea; nor, indeed, do I suppose you would wish for more: buckles and buttons can be made without our interference. Before you leave Mr. Bolton's, however, if you ever go that way, be attentive to his garden; you will find it laid out with some degree of taste; he himself has the character of a polite man. The attention of his partner, Mr. Forthgill, we can answer for; being much indebted to his civility. In all events see the manufactory.

From

From Birmingham we departed for Litchfield. In our way to this town, and at the distance of a few miles from Birmingham, we observed an elegant mansion, situate on the confines of Sutton Wood. On sending our compliments to know whether we might have permission to see it, we received the most polite answer, in the affirmative, from Doctor B——y, the gentleman to whom it belongs. We accordingly drove to the door, and on our arrival found that gentleman in readiness to receive us. Nothing could exceed the civility with which he conducted us through every apartment of the house, nor the earnestness with which he pressed us to take some refreshment. In this respectable pillar of the church, indeed, we experienced hospitality in its genuine form; no study, no affectation — all the pure effusion of the heart.

Leaving this hospitable mansion, we proceeded to Litchfield, a large and well-looking town in Staffordshire, one hundred and nineteen miles from London; and thence to Burton, situate on the river Trent, and famous for its ale. Here, as at Birmingham, and, indeed, as in all the principal towns in these parts, we were astonished with the accounts we received of the benefits accruing from the navigable canals, which, at an immense expence, are carried so as to open communications with London, Bristol, Liverpool, and Hull. How such stupendous works could be accomplished in the short time they have been in hand, is almost inconceivable; but the spirit of industry will do any thing. The Duke of Bridgwater gave the great example. By perseverance, he shewed what was to be done: and after-projectors, by steadiness in their plans, have fortunately succeeded in what their forefathers ventured not to think of.

Quitting

Quitting Burton, we continued our route to Derby, the principal town in the county of that name. Derby is pleasantly situate on the river Derwent; it is a well-built town, and boasts of a perfection in many manufactures. The Cicerone we found to conduct us to the places worthy of our curiosity, was a brisk old man of eighty-five years of age. His remarks, in general, were shrewd, and applicable to his subjects; simple, however, in the extreme. First of all, he would conduct us to an old house of a late Lord Exeter, where the Pretender's son had taken up his residence in 1745, and where he remembered him; then he insisted on our seeing the spot where he had heard the proclamation of James Stuart, as king of England; and then to other places of equal celebrity. In short, the garrulous old creature drove us at last to the necessity of intreating him to lead us to the silk, china, or some other manufactory.

Lombe's manufactory for silk is erected on the banks of a rapid branch of the river I have already mentioned. It is famous for its machinery; and no less so for the manner in which that machinery was taken by stealth from Sardinia. The whole, however, I found conducted in the same manner with that at Overton, which I have already noticed, and differing in nothing but the number of the wheels employed in the same branches. From the silk manufactory we walked to the houses where marbles and petrefactions are wrought into ornamental figures, and thence would have continued to the china shops, but that our old Cicerone, stopping and looking at the sun, cried, "Come, come, gentlemen, if you have a mind to see Lord Scarfsdale's, you must go directly; it is now noon, and travellers have admittance but from ten till two." Off to Lord Scarfsdale's we accordingly set; nor were we at all displeased with our

4

old

old friend for hurrying us. The approach to this palace, for palace it certainly is, if there is such a thing in England, is through an avenue of old lofty oaks, which, leading to a bridge, over which you cross, brings you immediately in front of the mansion. Here you first pause. The exact dimensions of the building I cannot pretend to remember: it is, however, sufficiently large to admit of every idea of grandeur and of magnificence. It is situated on a gently-declining hill, with woods and lawns diversified, and a winding rivulet running in front. On entering the house, you get into a most superb hall, the sides and cielings of which are most beautifully ornamented, and the whole supported by four and twenty massive pillars of variegated alabaster, fluted. Here, indeed, the *coup-d'œil* is beautiful. The alabaster pillars have a wonderful appearance; the other ornaments, likewise, carry their intrinsic proportion of elegance. In

a word, the whole strikes as if it were designed for a more than mortal residence; nor are the other rooms of the mansion inferior. Of them, however, in their proper place.

In Lord Scarfdale's Bedchamber is A sleeping Venus, a celebrated cartoon, by Carlo Moratti.

In the Music Room,
David's triumph, by Guercino.
Bacchus and Ariadne, by Guido.
Triumph of Bacchus, by Lucius Giordano.

An old man's head, by Rembrandt,
And
Roman charity, by Signora Pozzi.

In the Drawing Room, which has the most magnificent appearance of any apartment I have ever yet seen, the pillars and
pedi-

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 47

pediments to the doors and windows being of the most beautiful kind of alabaster, are
Christ with the woman and the box
of ointment, by Benedetto Lutti.

And

A Cain and Abel, by the same master,
both inimitable pictures.

Two pieces of Scripture history, by
Bernardo Strowzi.

A holy family, by Raffaele.

A morning, by Claude le Lorain.

A holy family, by Nicholas Bereteni.

A holy family, by Guido. And

Thieves gaming, by Mich. Angelo
Bamboccia.

In the Library, which is a well-pro-
portioned room, and filled with a choice
collection of books, are

Diogenes, by Lucco Giordano.

Daniel interpreting to Nebuchadnezzar
his dream, by Rembrandt; a
most

THE TOWER THROUGH

most highly-finished picture, especially the drapery.

Lot and his daughters, by Carlo Lotti.

An old man's head, by Salvator Roza.

The figure of Winter, by And. Sacchi. And

An old man's head, by Guercino.

In the State Bedchamber,

James II. when Duke of York, and his Duchess, by Vandyke.

In the Dressing Room to the same,

Charles I. by Vandyke. And

The Duke of Ormond, by Sir Peter

Lely.

And in the Wardrobe,

Prince Henry, son to James I. by

Cornelius Janson.

In

In the Dining Room, which is ornamented with several utensils and flabs, in granate and Egyptian marble, are

Hawks and ducks, by Snyder. And

Dead game, by the same master.

Game and dogs, by Fyfe.

Two pictures of Haram and Ishmael, by Cerri Ferri.

Herodias and St. John, by Romanelli.

Evening, by Claude le Lorain. And

The cieling, well executed, by some of the best masters.

The Music Saloon is yet unfinished, but, from what has been done, it promises to be an elegant apartment. Altogether this house is really magnificent: the hand of taste is evident in every part of it (nor can it be otherwise, when known to be the work of Messieurs Adam); neither does any cost seem to have been spared in rendering it complete. Unfortunately, a gravel walk is carried round the

the park shaded by a thin and a too-regularly planted shrubbery.

A small building, or a cottage, may admit of prettinesses in the display of grounds; a superb mansion should have nothing but wood, lawn, and water to surround it.

No dull uniformity, contrivance quaint, or labour'd littleness." MASON.

This criticism may appear unkind, after the satisfaction I have acknowledged to have received in viewing the house; but to you I write in the openness of my heart. My Lord Scarsdale's house I acknowledge elegant and beautiful; but his grounds, as they are to me indifferent, so I must lament that they are so.

Leaving this place, which no traveller in this country should omit visiting, we returned

returned to Derby, and joined our little old man. Pleased at seeing us, and at the satisfaction we expressed, he merrily conducted us to the china-ware manufactory. In our way we could not but remark the briskness with which he trod, and the degree of ease with which he kept pace with us. This led us to enquire in what manner he contrived to keep himself so hale and firm.—“Ah! my good gentlemen,” said he, “if you would but follow my
 “course, I could almost promise you
 “equal success to that which I have met
 “with. Threescore and ten years have
 “I regularly drank tea, and I scarce any
 “thing else. Wine and spirituous li-
 “quors have had no charms for me; tea
 “has been my constant beverage: Na-
 “ture, from use, has preferred it to any
 “other liquid, and I never forced her.
 “Some people, indeed, say, tea is un-
 “wholesome: it may be so; and it may
 “be, as it is called, a slow poison: but
 “this

“ this I know, and from experience I can
 “ pronounce it, that if it be a poison, it
 “ is a very slow one, for it takes a long
 “ time in killing me.” Here we could
 not refrain from laughter; the thought
 was waggishly turned, and the old man
 seemed to enjoy it heartily. Happy old crea-
 ture I humble as thou wert, thy age and
 good humour warranted our veneration.
 Peace be unto thee! — Here we parted.
 A look of cordial farewell was mutually
 interchanged. He wished us happiness;
 and we as fervently prayed that the sweet-
 est comfort might still attend him in his
 journey. May the same lot be your’s.

Adieu.

L E T

LETTER XVI.

August, 1778.

ASHBURN, our next stage, is situated on the borders of Stafford and of Derbyshire. Here we halted for a night, and the next morning proceeded to Okeover, a seat belonging to a gentleman of that name, where we had nothing to see, besides a few pictures; viz.

The Roman saints, by Titian.

Our Saviour bearing the cross, by the same master.

The unjust steward, by Rubens.

An old man's head and its companion, by the same master.

Three children, by an artist unknown.

The carpet piece of which is fine.

And a holy family, by Raffaele, that is exquisite indeed.

From

A TOUR THROUGH

From Okeover, quitting the pleasant road on which we had travelled to get to it, we proceeded to Ilam, a seat of Mr. Porte. On entering this gentleman's grounds (for the house has nothing in it remarkable) you get into a deep glen, on either side well covered with trees, and with the river Manifold rolling with rapidity at the bottom. Hence, continuing your progress, you come to a rude seat in a rock, famous, as being the spot where Congreve, then scarcely nineteen, wrote his Old Batchelor. Thence descending by a number of steps, which affords a grand view of the opposite hill, you continue along the path way, at the side of which are many considerable-sized trees growing through the interstices of the rocks, and which, as they increase in bulk, gradually expand; and from this spot you get upon a flat, where you are encircled by a range of beautiful and lofty wood, saving at one end where the Thorp Cloud,

Cloud, at the entrance of Dove Dale, peeps through the trees. Hence, continuing along the borders of a canal, you come to the spot where the rivers Hamps and Manifold issue from two apertures in a rock, at the distance of fifteen yards from each other. As the sources, as they are called, of such bodies of water, these springs would be worthy the observation of a traveller: but when you find they are merely the continuance of the same rivers, which lose themselves in different parts of the country, the Hamps four miles distant and the Manifold six, and five miles at least asunder from each other, the matter becomes a curiosity. Many people might be led to suppose, that by shewing themselves so very close to each other at Ilam, it was probable they joined in their subterranean passage; but this is put beyond a doubt by experiment. The gardener about this time last year, being a man of a more extensive way of thinking

than generally falls to the lot of people of his class, threw somewhat above two gross of corks into the Manifold where it loses itself, and watching the next two days unremittingly in his master's grounds, he at length found about two dozen of them issue from the chasm of the Manifold: the others being stopped in their progress, or ground to pieces by the sharpness of the rocks. And farther to ascertain this, he told us, a similar trial had been made with the Hemps, and that it answered in the same manner. These experiments, therefore, prove demonstratively, that they continue asunder during the whole course of their progress. At Ilam, they join their stream to that of the Dove, and there form a river.

From this place we proceeded to Dove Dale, so called from the river of that name running through it. The approach to this place along the side of Thorp Cloud
(Cloud,

(Cloud, by the bye, being the common name of all mountains in this country) is, though much admired, very unworthy of admiration; the Cloud having neither height nor beauty to recommend it. On entering the Dale, you walk along the banks of the river, which winds beautifully, and is clear and transparent as a brook. The rocks too, on either side misshapen and grotesque, with a profusion of wood scattered up and down, give a wild and romantic variety to the scene. Not far within the Dale your guide shews you the frightful eminence, whence a clergyman of dignity and a young lady fell with their horse, the clergyman, poor man! being bruised in so horrid a degree, that he died two hours afterwards; but, to the great surprize of every one, the lady and the horse were entirely uninjured by the fall.

The Staffordshire side of the Dale, the pretty little stream of Dove dividing it from Derbyshire, is well clothed with trees; while the opposite shore, which is totally bereft of wood, is so barren and rugged, that their dissimilarity is entertaining. A chasm to the right soon opens itself. Hence you have a delightful view of the traversings of the river, and of an assemblage of rocks, which, almost buried within the trees, gives an idea of a mouldering monastery. From this spot the rocks still continue; some stupendous, and others so rent asunder, that they form the oddest appearances that can be conceived. Proceeding on, you come to a grand arch in a rock called Reynard's Hole, whence you have a wild diversified scene before you, and passing through it, you next ascend Reynard's Hall and Reynard's Kitchen. How this arch was formed, and whether by art or nature, there does not seem to be a tradition: the

chasms

chasms are certainly the effect of a convulsion. A speculative idea, indeed, might lead one to suppose that a quantity of water, being thrown up from the bowels of the earth, and issuing from the caverns, might drive out the arch I am speaking of; but this appears to me chimerical. The rock, in which the arch is formed, is too slender to have withstood the force of such a body. Art has certainly had something to do with it — how, or when, I will not pretend to say; but it evidently has been the work of man. Leaving this, you continue along the river for the distance of about two miles, and then return by the same path. Before I quit the Dale I must not forget a cold fountain, which, issuing immediately into the river from a spring almost on the same level, renders it difficult sometimes to be found out. The water, however, is transparent and sweet, and resembles, in a great measure, those of Malvern.

From Dove Dale we returned to Ashbourn, where our entertainment at the Green Man was highly satisfactory; and thence, taking fresh horses, we proceeded to Buxton, through a country as barren and desolate as can well be conceived. Bounded on every side by stone fences, which at the best give but a wild appearance, and freed from every vestige of cultivation. Strange that such a waste of land should be found in a country remarkable for the industry of its inhabitants. Churchill's satirical lines might well, indeed, be applied to this part of Derbyshire:

"Far as the eye could reach no trees were seen,

"Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green."

And here, before I go any farther, I must tell you, it has been discovered, that the soil or the air of some particular places in this country, have been almost as favourable to the preservation of dead bodies,

as

as the famous vaults of Bremen are represented to be. Two persons are said to have been lost in a great storm of snow, on the Moors, near the Woodlands, in Derbyshire, on January 14, 1674, and not being found till the 3d of May following, they then smelt so strong that the Coroner ordered them to be buried on the spot. They lay in the peat-moss for twenty-eight years and nine months before they were looked at again; when some countrymen, having observed the extraordinary quality of this soil in preserving dead bodies from corruption, were curious enough to open the ground, to see if those persons had been so preserved; and they found them no way altered, the colour of their skin being fair and natural, and their flesh soft as that of persons newly dead. They were afterwards exposed for twenty years, though they were much changed in that time by being so uncovered.

Buxton is a small inconsiderable town, surrounded by barren unpromising-looking hills. Of late years it has been rendered of some little consequence by its mineral springs, one of which is cold and the other hot; and, as chemical people say, possessing the efficacious qualities of both the Bath and Bristol waters. The resort of company to Buxton is considerable: for at three or four houses, which are entirely fitted up for the accommodation of strangers, they reckoned to us at least three hundred. Here, as at Malvern, the lodgers in each house board together. This has its inconveniencies; but, in so small a place, necessity must give way to every other consideration.

About a mile from Buxton is the first wonder of the Peak, called Poole's Hole: of which Cotton says, speaking of the wonders;

"The first of these I met with in my way,

"Is a vast cave, which, the old people say,

"One Poole, an out-law, made his residence;

"But why he did so, or for what offence,

"The beagles of the law should press so near,

"In spite of horrors fell to earth him there,

"Is in our times a riddle, and in this

"Tradition most unkindly silent is:

"But whatsoever his crime, than such a cave

"A worse imprisonment he could not have."

The hole at which you enter into this cavern is small, and promises but little; after advancing, however, a few paces, and creeping as close to the ground as you possibly can, you come to a chasm, where you are shewn Poole's Saddle and his Turtle, both of them good incrustations. Passing hence, you come to other fine pieces of spar, variously twisted round the rocks, called Poole's Tripe and his Woolfack, both inimitably honeycombed in the finest kind of white petrification; whilst a spring of clear transparent water issues from one side, and an exact resemblance of an elephant, with his proboscis hanging, strikes you

you at the other. From this place, throwing aside the pride of manhood, you creep upon all fours, and ascending a most slippery path, open a prodigious dome, sixty or seventy feet high, where you perceive an extraordinary large piece of spar pendent from the roof, called the Flitch of Bacon; and, staring in the side, the fanciful resemblance of old Poole himself. Hence you come to the Lion and the Lady's Toilet; the former spreading upwards, and the latter hanging down in all the carelessness of ease and elegance. These, however, conduct you but to greater beauties; the Dark Lantern, as it is called, which more resembles the figure of the Egyptian sphynx: a vast quantity of incrustation falling down in folds, and the roof sparkling with transparent pieces of petrification of the shape of icicles. From this you come to an apartment, at least fifty feet high, in which you have a small black figure in spar, resembling a mouse,

and

and a grand range of organs, as it were, immediately above it. Leaving this, you get to the Queen of Scots Pillar, so called by the unfortunate Mary when she visited this place; a column, most beautifully surrounded with curtains of fine incrustation, airily displayed in the Gothic taste. Here most people choose to stop; but we, urged by the spirit of curiosity, dared venture farther. Cotton, indeed, throws a damp upon the mind when he speaks of this attempt; for, in his words,

“ Over the brook you’re now oblig’d to stride,
 “ And on the left hand by this pillar’s side,
 “ To seek new wonders, tho’ beyond this stone,
 “ Unless you safe return, you’ll meet with none,
 “ And that, indeed, will be a kind of one.”

On we went; the place so steep, so craggy, and so very slippery, that had it not been for fast grasps, we should never have been able to have got to the top.
 Here

Here we stopped some time in admiration. A candle judiciously placed, without our knowledge, at the very extremity, peeped like a star on a fine cloudy night, while another, as properly set at the bottom, whence we had ascended, had as singular and as awful an effect. Cotton, speaking of this, says,

“ Here, thro’ a hole, your kind conductors shew

“ A candle, left on purpose at the brook,

“ On which, with trembling horror whilst you look,

“ You’ll fancy ’t, from that dreadful precipice,

“ A spark ascending from the black abyss.”

Hence, still adventuring upwards, you pass by the Lady’s Pillion and a curtain, both of them beautiful incrustations; and thence passing through the eye of St. Andrew’s Needle, and keeping his throne, or pavilion, to the right, which is a remarkable petrification, both from its size and resemblance to its designation, you pass over a heap of irregular rocks to a
passage

passage most emphatically and justly styled, Break-back Passage. Here, crawling again, you at length come to the apparent end of this extensive cavern (a small aperture making it probable that it still continues, although inaccessible) at the distance of 2007 feet. Trifling as a distance of this kind may seem, it yet is wonderfully fatiguing to clamber over; for in many places the poet's words are far from hyperbolic:

"For, in several places among these, you meet

"With nothing worth observing but your feet,

"Which with great caution you must still dispose,

"Lest, by mischance, should you once footing lose,

"Your own true story only serve to grace

"The lying fables of the uncouth place."

Returning, therefore, with as much, or rather with a greater degree of caution than we had entered, we at last, with some difficulty, got to the daylight; in our way having paid a visit to Poole's Chamber and Parlour, in the latter of

which

which is such an hollow and reverberating sound, that it is beyond a doubt there is a hideous cavern beneath.

Quitting Poole's Hole, and meaning to return to Buxton on horseback, we sent our carriage on before, and rode to the fourth wonder of the Peak, some of the others not being worthy of attention, called Elden Hole. Here we indeed had matter for affright; a tremendous yawning gulph, bottomless, as it is said, opens its wide mouth on the side of a hill. The noise of stones, or any other body thrown into it, gradually, and as at a distance, dies away. Nothing has ever been heard of, that has fallen into it; all is inscrutable to man. Trials upon trials have been made with respect to its depth; but all without effect. Cotton himself tried a line and plummet two thousand six hundred and fifty-two feet, but could not touch the bottom; neither could he at
that

that time hear the water. We, however, fancied the contrary; for two stones, out of a prodigious number, which we plunged into it, most certainly immersed themselves in that element; but what, in our opinion, brought it to a positive demonstration, was, an account given us by our guide, of a man who, within these few years, was let down two hundred and ten feet, and who declared, that, at the depth of about two hundred and forty feet more, there was water. In Cotton's time the lines were wet, which established the certainty of that element; but the abyss was not then so exceedingly filled with it as it is at present.

Many stories are told of accidents which have happened at this place; cattle frequently tumble into it. But nothing can be more dreadful than the acknowledgement of a villain, who, when on the scaffold for the perpetration of some other

other horrid deed, confessed the having thrown an unfortunate traveller into it, whom he had robbed, and who had entrusted himself to his guidance. Another instance of an untimely fate happened to a poor hind, who, eager for money, engaged, for a sum, to go to the bottom. His errand proved fruitless; vapour, or fright, disordered his senses: he was drawn to the top, and expired in madness in a few days.

Satisfied with the dreadful appearance of this place, and not desirous of any closer investigation, we again mounted our horses, and, climbing over the hill, descended on the other side into the high road leading from Manchester to Sheffield, and passing by Mam-Torr, or the Shivered Mountain, (so called from its constantly crumbling on one side) we came to a most romantic turn at the foot of some stupendous hills. Here, proceeding along, we perceived

perceived a small oval aperture in a rock, which, our fancy leading us to conceive a cavern, up we mounted, rolling backwards at every effort as much almost as we had gained. By unwearied industry, we at length accomplished our task; but, to our great disappointment, found it to contain nothing but the reliques of some fleeting inhabitants of the air. Downwards we therefore again hurried, in a truly retrograde motion, and at length got to the bottom, where we languidly mounted our carriage, which had by this time joined us, and continued to a lead mine, called the Staffordshire Speedwell.

On inquiry of the steward of the place how it was proper to see the process of this work, he told us it had not yet begun; but that if we would follow him, he would conduct us to the spot where the preparations were making. We accordingly put ourselves under his guidance,

and very shortly perceived an opening on the declivity of the mountain, which, by one hundred and seven steps, almost perpendicular, brought us to a river, where a boat was ready, with a person in it, and some candles, that he begged we would take charge of. Taking possession of the candles, therefore, and entrusting ourselves to this second Charon, off pushed the boat, when, by sticks placed on either side in the rocks, at the distance of about six feet from each other, he shoved us along for a considerable distance. Unusual as this subterranean navigation was, it yet was exceedingly awful and sublime. The air rustled along in dreadful majesty; the place was dark, save the glimmering light of our tapers; all was quietness in the boat, and the imagination at work, fancied every thing that was grand. In this way, coasting it with a degree of pleasure that we had not in any of our former excursions tasted, we were suddenly called off

off by a melodious noise, which, reverberating along the concave of the roof, lost itself with us in the sweetest notes. On, however, we proceeded; the sound still continued, but its force became perceptibly stronger. At length we came to the spot whence it issued; and here indeed our wonder increased. A little boy of about ten or twelve years of age, placed in a niche where he had just room to move, and whence he could not stir without being first relieved, was driving, with a bellows, a supply of fresh air to the farther extremity of the river: in this place the little chanter was warbling forth his notes. Nature had blessed him with a charming voice, and, regardless of his situation, he worked and sung his eight long hours, the period allotted him to labour. Passing this inhabitant of these nether regions, we onward continued our way, and at length, having traversed between sixteen and eighteen hundred feet,

came to the end, where we found three hale and cheerful men busied at their occupations.

On the side of the hill opposite to that from which we first set out, a monstrous cavern continues itself, as it is said, for upwards of three miles. In the rocks of this cavern, are several veins of lead: (and here I should tell you that all strata arrange themselves in one invariable order :) the expence, however, has been too great to work it in its natural state; the idea of a water conveyance; therefore, presented itself. This channel was accordingly planned; and here, as in other useful projects, the world became indebted to the public spirit of the Duke of Bridgewater. The whole of this passage, excavated in the solid rock, being carried on with his assistance. The miners blow it up, and clear the space by contract. It has now been seven years in hand; a little while

while more will probably end their labour; for, at the distance of two hundred yards, they expect to reach the cavern. At the place I am speaking of, we were upwards of six hundred feet from the surface of the earth; the water, however, had not increased upon the miners, but only sprang sufficient to feed the river. Seven feet high, six feet wide, and six feet forward, are worked by these people for five guineas.

It was not until we had joined the miners, that we found the vast consequence of the air conveyed to them by the bellows which I have mentioned. The atmosphere, as they proceed along in these subterraneous works, becomes dank and thick, and so pernicious, that, without a constant rarefaction, it would certainly destroy them: as I have said already, however, these people are exceedingly healthy, and full of good humour. It was now time for us to return; we accordingly

found our way back in the manner we had entered, and thence proceeded to Castleton, a town situated immediately under the Peak of Derby, where we took some refreshment, and then walked to the principal of the wonders, called Peak's Hole.

THE approach to this cavern is grand and tremendous; a river issuing from its mouth runs to your left, and a range of rocks, tearing their heads to the skies, surround you. One of these is measured two hundred and fifty-one feet perpendicular. Being arrived at the entrance, which is forty-two feet high, and one hundred and twenty feet wide, the attention is caught by a most uncommon sight. Colours scattered up and down in this dark

LETTER children spinning at wheels; in every respect it carries the appearance of another world: nor does the animated prospect confine itself to the merry creatures, who are thus employed, extend themselves

LETTER XVII.

August 1778.

THE approach to this cavern is grand and tremendous; a river issuing from its mouth runs to your left, and a range of rocks, rearing their heads to the skies, surround you. One of these is measured two hundred and fifty-one feet perpendicular. Being arrived at the entrance, which is forty-two feet high, and one hundred and twenty feet wide, the attention is caught by a most uncommon sight. Cottages scattered up and down in this dark abode, and a multitude of women and children spinning at wheels; in every respect it carries the appearance of another world: nor does the animated prospect confine itself; for the merry creatures, who are thus employed, extend themselves

so far, as to form a perspective which in imagination seems to have no end. The first information you receive from your rustic conductor, who is the naturalist and philosopher of the place, is the manner in which water congeals itself to spar. "At first it is," says he, "but a transparent drop; by the air it afterwards becomes a clay, and then gradually forms itself into the petrefaction." Nor, though not very philosophical, is this explanation very erroneous. "The laminæ of spar, lead ore, zink ore, pyrites, &c. which we observe in subterraneous places," says the ingenious Mr. Whitehurst, "are crystallizations carried on by means of water filtrating slowly through the incumbent lime-stone strata, and taking up in its passage a variety of heterogeneous substances. The water being thus saturated with mineral particles, enters the caverns and fissures in a quiescent state, where the aqueous particles evaporate,

incorporate, and leave the metallic ones to unite, according to their affinities."

The next thing you are desired to observe is the Flich of Bacon, a large incrustation hanging on one side, which you quickly pass by, and then come to a small door, which affords you the most stupendous view of a concave you can conceive. On, however, you go, stooping till you get into the Bell House, and thence passing along, you are shewn a line, about the height of your shoulders, at which the water arrives in the time of heavy rains. Hence, stooping considerably, you come to the river, on which there is a boat, into which you get, and lying at full length to save your head from the impending rocks, you are thus ferried over, or rather carried up a winding stream, till landing, you fancy yourself arrived in the first apartment of the infernal deities. Nothing can be more stupendous than the

appearance of this dreary *salle du souterrain*. The length of it, as measured, is two hundred and seventy feet; the width two hundred and ten, and the height one hundred and twenty. Stopping here to enjoy the gloomy horrors of the scene, a number of candles are dispersed, which twinkling like stars, afford an awful assemblage. The return of the boat, however, with other passengers, immediately beneath you, stretched in the like cautious manner, and paddling through a hole scarcely large enough for a man to creep in at, is ridiculously whimsical.

Leaving this, you get to a winding of the river, which you pass upon the shoulders of your guides, and thence arrive at Roger Raine's House, so called from drops of water, which incessantly filtrate through every part of it. From this you continue to the Chancel, where calmly proceeding, you are suddenly accosted by the voices of

a choir

a choir of men chaunting in a niche above you, at the elevation of about fifty-seven feet. No terrene art could produce so wonderful an effect. The vaulted roof rent into a thousand shapes; the height of the cavern itself; the stillness of the scene, saving the patterings of the water in the rainy cell; altogether, the uncommon admixture of the sublime and beautiful. Here we stopped. The airs were slow and solemn, which were sung: every thing conspired to turn the mind to meditation. Nature appeared in awful, though frightful majesty before us: in a word, we could not but fancy ourselves transported to another world.

From the Chancel you continue to the Devil's Cellar. Hence you proceed by a sandy hillock, descending gradually one hundred and fifty feet, and at length come to the Half-way House, as it is called, where you have a fine transparent

run

run of water, and where you are shewn how rain and snow, penetrating through the earth, force themselves into the cavern, and often occasion an alarming swelling of the torrent of the river. Passing on, you proceed through three most regularly, though naturally-formed arches near the borders of the river, whence you fancy you hear the rumbling of a cascade: and then crossing the river, come to another range of equally as beautiful arches, which conducts you, with the river on your right, to the hanging rock, and a petrified snake, in high preservation.

From this spot you get to the place where the current rolls rapidly along, where the water distils in abundance down the sides, and where we perceived the remains of mud left upon the rocks, when the cave, as it frequently is, was last filled with water. Still continuing, and passing through another range of arches,

and

and Tom of Lincoln, so called, from its resemblance to a bell, you at length get to the extremity of this wonderful place, two thousand two hundred and fifty feet from the entrance, and six hundred and twenty-one feet beneath the surface of the hill.

This, however, is not supposed the end of the cavern; many people think it continues farther, and experiments are accordingly making, by blowing away the rocks; seventeen yards in length of which are already finished, as we ascertained, by wading up to our arms almost in water. Should this be the case, and the cave still be prolonged, the expectations of the miners will be fulfilled, who suppose the Peak Hole to have a communication with the tremendous cavern I have mentioned in a former letter. Time will shew; they are sanguine in the idea, and insist upon

upon it, that the same river runs through both.

Before I quit this spot, I must not omit mentioning the staggering effect of a blast, as they style it, occasioned by a small quantity of powder crammed into a rock and set fire to. The explosion is wonderfully grand; heaven and earth seem coming together. All visitors are treated with this salute. We, of course, had our share of it; and fared tolerably well considering, all but a servant, who rather precipitately measuring his length upon the ground, received a slight wound, which, together with fright, made him send forth most piteous lamentations. This crash over, we returned to the door at which we had entered, where our lights were taken from us, and where we once more were blessed with a peep of day, bursting into the cavern, and illuminating the

the objects in a much more sublime manner than they had hitherto presented themselves.

Tired not a little, as you will readily conceive, we anxiously desired to return to our inn: but it was too soon, no time, it we were told, was to be lost. We accordingly were mounted to the summit of the Peak, and shewn the old castle, parts of which are in good preservation: but there setting down to rest ourselves, first having given a glance at the cavern beneath, we were unexpectedly and most gallantly serenaded by a band of music from the opposite hill. Nothing could have been more happily timed: neither could there ever have been people more desirous of being soothed than we were. The day had been a day of labour: quiet was necessary. So that enjoying the welcome sounds, and admiring the serenity of

of the evening, we peacefully laid ourselves on the grass; and in that sweetest of all careless indulgencies, banished the languor of fatigue.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

August 1778.

THE place I last parted from was Peake's Hole, and there you would naturally have concluded our under-ground workings had been at an end. But alas, my friend, fate had otherwise ordained it; the spirit of curiosity had warped our rational faculties; danger had become familiar to us, and we therefore determined upon a plan that wiser men would have shuddered at the idea of. This was no less than the exploring the three-mile cavern which I have already mentioned. Summoning therefore a *posse-comitatus* of all the miners about Castleton, we in brief told them our intention. Astonishment at first prevented them from thinking us serious; none but two or three had

ever ventured upon a trial; and even custom had not reconciled the others to so hazardous an enterprize. A promise of reward, however, prevailed upon the whole, and they agreed to attend us in the morning. In the mean time a messenger being dispatched to Sheffield for torches, we began, with all due form, to prepare for our descent; this was soon accomplished. A paper of memorandums, and a card, in case of an accident, telling who our friends were, and where they were to be found, were left upon our table in the inn. Thus guarding against the worst that could befall us, at least so far as it respected matters which we should no longer have any concern in, we early the next morning, accompanied by a chosen set of our guides, repaired to the top of the mountain, where the scissure opens itself about three feet in diameter. Provided by the miners with proper dresses, we then stripped ourselves of our own
outward

outward apparel, and putting on each a pair of canvass trowsers, a flannel jacket, and over that a canvass frock, with a handkerchief round our heads, and a miner's cap, we proceeded one by one down this dread abyfs, for the distance of about four hundred and twenty feet perpendicular.

Imagination can scarcely form a descent more perilous. The only steps or things to hold by, are bits of oak stuck into the sides, inhabitants of the place since it was first discovered, and which, from want of use, it was natural to suppose might have either rotted or loosened themselves in the earth; moreover, a false step hurled one inevitably to destruction: fortunately all was firm, and we arrived at the bottom unhurt. Here ranging ourselves in order, with a large bundle of candles and torches, independent of the candles which each of us carried, we

proceeded with tolerable facility through two or three lofty and most beautifully enamelled caverns of spar. This we conceived an earnest of future delight, and the tablets were accordingly set at work; but, alas, how great was our mistake. Here our difficulties were to commence.

Following the guide, who besides another who was with us, was the only one of the party who had ever penetrated before, we forced our way with infinite struggles, through a narrow space, between two rocks, and thence getting on our hands and knees, were, for the full distance of a mile, obliged to crawl without ever daring to lift up our heads, the passage being both low and craggy, and as it was likewise filled with mud, dirt, and a multitude of bits of rocks, our progress was painful indeed: we still, however, hoped for something better. On we accordingly proceeded, till a dreadful noise, rumbling along

along the horrible crevices of the cave, gave us to understand we were near a river: to this then we, as fast as we were able, hurried. But description is inadequate to any thing like a representation of the scene. A vast ocean seemed roaring in upon us; in some places bursting with inconceivable impetuosity, and at others falling through dreadful chasms, burst into shaggy forms to give it vent: through this our journey was to continue. A cry of light, however, alarmed us: the confinement of the air, and the narrowness of our track, had extinguished all our torches; the candles too, all but one small end, were totally expended. We knew not what to do. In vain the miners halloo'd for the supply which was to have come behind; no answer was to be heard. Our fate seemed inevitable; but the principals of the party, fortunately, expressed no fear. In this extremity, a gallant fellow, who yet was igno-

rant of the place, but from experience knew the danger we were in, suddenly disappeared, and after groping for a considerable time in the dark and dismal horrors of the place, at length returned to us with a supply of candles, having discovered his companions unto whom they were given in charge, almost petrified with fear, and unable to follow us from apprehension. Reprieved in this manner from a death which seemed to wait us, in its most horrid form, we onward proceeded with a fresh recruit of spirits; and plunging into the river above our waists, scarce tenable from the impetuosity of the torrent, cautiously picked our steps, and, at length, after a four-hours most unspeakable fatigue, arrived at about three hundred yards beyond the spot, where the subterranean passage we had the day before explored, was expected to find an entrance into this dreadful place.

But

But here we were obliged to stop; a fall into a yawning gulph, in which I was providentially saved by the corner of a rock catching me by the knee, had hitherto given me an inconceivable degree of pain; but I had not spoke; it now became scarce bearable; out however, I was to crawl, and that too upon this tortured limb. The retreat accordingly began; but no anguish could surpass the excess of torment I was in. Often did I wish to remain where I was; no succour or assistance could be given me: every man was painfully busied in the charge of his own safety. At length, having almost worn out the other knee, and torn both my sides and back by forcing myself in those positions, I was compelled to call out for help, as we happily came to the first opening where I could be raised. Languor and faintness from what I had suffered, had totally deprived me of my strength: I was seated on a rock, where I

breathed a little freer, and so refreshed in a few minutes, having collected myself as much as possible, that I tottered through the rest of the cavern, helped where assistance could be given me, and in that manner got to the blessed sunshine of the day.

All the rest of the explorers were tolerably well, excepting two of our guides, one of whom had received a violent contusion on his head from a rock; and another several bruises from a fall, in climbing up the last aperture. Altogether, the depth we had descended was about one hundred and forty fathom, or nine hundred and eighty feet, and the length about three miles, according to the miners' calculation. Neither at this distance were we at the end; a passage still continued, but so filled with water, and so full of peril, that the miners themselves were averse to farther trial. And here, my friend, I'll take my leave of you for the
pre.

present. The pains in my limbs are still excruciating, but a little time will set all to rights again; all I have to say is, that I never with even the greatest enemy I have in the world, to be so unpardonably led by curiosity, as to tempt destruction, where, independent of the dangers of maims, cuts, and fractures, the falling of a single stone might bury him in eternity for ever.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

August 1778.

AT length, recruited from fatigue, I am able to continue to you a narrative of our progress on terra firma. Leaving Castleton, and passing Maunfel Dale, and Haddon Castle, an old seat of the Rutland family, we came to Chatsworth, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The approach to this house through his Grace's park is pleasant, and the house itself, the river Derwent running in front, and a fine hill covered with wood, spreading along the back and sides, is happily situate, and cuts a good appearance: it is strewed, however, rather too plenteously with old furniture; though the beds and chairs which were in the apartments of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, when

when she resided there as captive with the Earl of Shrewsbury, are melancholy memorials of fallen greatness. Compassion for the fate of this unhappy fair one made us review this part of the mansion with much veneration. The rest was little above the common standard of mediocrity; although with a little trouble, I will not say as to the expence, it might readily be rendered not only convenient, but superb.

The grounds about this house are naturally well adapted to the boldest beauties; and attention seems to have been paid to them. The old Duke planted a considerable extent of ground, and his son is now employed in the same laudable species of improvement. The strait canal, basons, terrace, and dead walls must, however, incontinently be destroyed; while they remain, grandeur of scenery can never be expected. The spouting horses, Naiads, and

and other little matters, must also be removed. Nature has done a vast deal; water is in plenty; and where the temple dedicated to that element is placed, a delightful distribution of it might easily be made. Unfortunately the present possessor came to the estate with, it is said, such a load of incumbrance, that his means may have hitherto prevented him from altering any thing material. Time may obviate this, and Chatsworth may then rise to a modern degree of reputation, equal to that which it possessed in former ages. There is one, and only one, good picture in the house,

A flight into Egypt, by Annibal Caraccio.

Continuing the route from Chatsworth towards the village of Matlock, you wind along a beautiful valley, highly romantic and picturesque. Either side bounded by hills and stupendous rocks, with cottages

here and there interspersed, and a profusion of wood, sometimes irregularly scattered, and, at others, spreading in the closest foliage, with the river Derwent rolling itself pleasantly in the center of the dale. In this beautiful spot is Matlock spa, celebrated for its medicinal qualities, and no less for its rural situation. From the houses where you are lodged, immediately descending, you arrive at the margin of the river, closely embowered by branches of trees, irregularly planted in a shrubbery, and thence proceeding through a winding path, "for love and contemplation formed," you pass a cascade precipitating from the right, and then come to a considerable water-work, erected for the purpose of draining a lead mine on the opposite shore, and here you are stopped from farther progress. Over the flimsy fabric of this machine, however, we made the best of our way, the whole shaking at every step we took, and the
river

river rapidly foaming beneath. Neither did our late disasters prevent us from another attempt into the bowels of the earth. Our subterrene progress, indeed, was short, so that we quickly returned; and then again on the opposite side to Matlock continued through shady walks, till we came to a flight of steps which led us to the top of the hill, whence we had a fine prospect.

The springs of Matlock Bath are thus spoken of: "Though extremely pellucid
"and friendly to the human constitution,
"they nevertheless are plentifully saturated with calcarious matter, which
"readily adheres to vegetables and other
"substances immersed in the streams, and
"then by a constant accretion, large
"masses of stones are gradually formed.
"The banks on which the bath-houses
"stand, and likewise the buildings them-
"selves,

“felves, are mostly composed of such
“materials.”

From Matlock, our next stage was Chesterfield, a large well-built town, and remarkable for a canal now making, and which, when finished, will run upwards of five and forty miles. Sheffield in Yorkshire was our next place; but this was so thoroughly dirty, and poverty-stricken in appearance, that after viewing its manufactories, which, by the way, are inferior to those of Birmingham, we proceeded on our way to Doncaster; passing by Corningsborough castle, an ancient pile, with many parts of it in good preservation, and admirably well situated. Doncaster is a neat and populous town: the houses in general are good, and the streets are well paved. In the cathedral, which is an old Gothic building, is a monument of an earl of Doncaster, with this whimsical inscription:

Howe,

Howe, Howe, who is here?

I Robin, of Duncastere,

And Margaret, my feare,

That I spent, that I had.

That I gave, that I have.

That I left, that I lost.

A. D. 1597.

Quoad Robertus Byrks, who in this world did reign

Threescore yeares and seven, but liv'd not one.

Doncaster is a place of great antiquity, as appears from the Itinerary of Antoninus, which says, the Crispinian horse were stationed here while the Romans were in Britain; and that the Governor of the province generally resided in its castle, that he might be near the wall to repel the incursions of the Scots and Picts.

Hitherto Yorkshire has appeared a well-cultivated and fine country; but any thing, you may say, will do after Derbyshire. That is not the case; the harvest is, however, considerably later than in the more southern parts; about Bath and Bristol

Bristol it was gathering in two months ago; here it is only reaping.

Before I quitted Castleton, I believe I forgot to tell you of an extraordinary old woman we met with, and who from her infancy had drank scarcely any other liquid than butter-milk. She was, when we saw her, ninety-eight; and till within ten years of that period, had, she said, worked as hard as any girl in the parish. What do you say to this, my friend, will you tread in the steps of the old lady? Seriously speaking, these extraordinary instances of existence being prolonged by particular and arbitrary diet, are certainly more than can be accounted for by the whole college of physicians. Cornaro tells you to avoid repletion; to eat proper quantities of bread; and to drink wine in a moderate degree. Cadogan again tells you to avoid bread, to eat raw meat, and to abstain from every kind of spirit. Fo-

thergill orders you to refrain from butter. Falconer tells you butter is necessary to keep the sinews and bones properly oiled for their different vocations. Others again forbid tea: our little Cicerone at Derby lived upon it. In short, say what we will, this same business of longevity is beyond comprehension. Great wigs may dogmatize, for they are privileged so to do; but simple practice baffles all their nostrums.

“Experience proves, where precept
“fails.” The essence, in short every
thing, as Martial has it, *Non est vivere,
sed valere vita*. It is a strange, (to shew
how whimsical things are in this world)
though positively a very true relation, as
you will find inserted in the Philosophical
Transactions, that a woman, not many
years ago, was advised for certain twitches
in her bowels, to swallow a few bullets;
and that the prescription had an imme-
diate

mediate and good effect. But, now I think of it, don't you recollect the positions that were pointed out to us, with, indeed, all becoming gravity, of the Tarantati, or people supposed poisoned by the Tarantulus, who indiscriminately are held to be delighted with music, to which they will dance and perform all manner of antics, it being the natural and only infallible method of cure? Nay, that the tune agreeable to the patient, will also be found agreeable to the Tarantulus itself; and that not only men, but other animals, as cocks, wasps, &c. bitten by these spiders, are likewise addicted to dancing, and such like gestical actions? What a jumble of extravaganzas is this world composed of!

Leaving Doncaster, we came to Ferrybridge, thence to Tadcaster, and from Tadcaster to York. The extent of this town is very considerable; being an Ar-

H 2 chieftiscopal

chief episcopal see, and always giving a title
 to one of the royal family, it has ever
 been peculiarly attended to. The streets
 are tolerably broad and well-built. The
 river Ouse runs through the center of it,
 covered with vessels of considerable bur-
 den, which trade with different ports, but
 principally with that of London. Along
 the borders of this river, a public walk,
 well planted with trees, for the space of
 about a mile, has been carried for the re-
 creation of the inhabitants. Notwith-
 standing the size and antiquity of York,
 there is certainly nothing in it that is
 worthy the observation of a traveller, ex-
 cept the cathedral or minster, as it is
 called, and the castle. The minster is
 Gothic, and very large; the extent five
 hundred and twenty-five feet; the breadth
 one hundred and ten feet, and the height
 ninety-nine feet. That which, however,
 renders it celebrated, is the nave, rec-
 oned

known the largest in Europe, except St. Peter's at Rome, being four feet and an half wider than that of St. Paul's, and eleven feet higher. The chapter-house belonging to it is likewise a monument of good taste and workmanship; it is sixty-three feet in diameter, of an octagonal form, arched, and without a pillar in the center to support it. The assembly-room, though much admired, is indifferent: the architecture exceedingly heavy, and the whole surrounded with a range of pillars shoving each other from their places. At the time it was erected, it was probably an elegant structure: it is now much eclipsed, not only by the rooms in London, but by those of Bath, Southampton, and various other places not near so wealthy.

The Romans had a temple at York dedicated to Bellona, and three of their

highways crossed the city. It was also the favourite residence of the Emperor Severus, while he was carrying on his wars against the Caledonians, and here that Emperor resigned his breath, leaving his kingdoms to his two sons. But, that which rendered it in former days the most remarkable, was the homage paid in it by William of Scotland to Henry II. anno 1174. It was here that monarch surrendered the ancient independency of his crown. He engaged also, that all the Barons and nobility of his kingdom should do homage; that the Bishops should take an oath of fealty; that both should adhere to the King of England against their native prince, if the latter should break his engagements; and that the fortresses of Edinburgh, Stirling, Berwick, and others, should be delivered into Henry's hands till the performance of articles. A severe and humiliating treaty, which was
executed

executed in its full rigour, but which the
 Scots King merited, for wantonly en-
 gaging in a war with Henry's children
 against their sovereign and father.

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 his kingdoms to his two sons. But, that
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 executed

LETTER XX.

BENDING our course still northward from York, we proceeded through a pleasant country to Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle. On opening the mansion, it presents a grand appearance: the road, however, is too strait and formally planted. At the entrance of the park, which is through an arched gateway lined and flanked with towers, you come to an eminence, and thence to an obelisk, on one side of which is this inscription:

“ If to perfection these plantations rise,

“ If they agreeably my heirs surprize,

“ This faithful pillar will their age declare,

“ As long as time these characters shall spare,

“ Here then, with kind remembrance, read his name,

“ Who for posterity perform'd the same.

“ Charles

" Charles the 3d Earl of Carlisle,
 " Of the family of the Howards,
 " Erected a building whereon the old
 " Castle of
 " Henderkelf stood, and call'd it Castle
 " Howard.
 " He likewise made the plantations in
 " this park,
 " And all the out-works, monuments,
 " and other
 " Plantations belonging to the said seat.
 " He began these works
 " In the year 1702,
 " And set up this inscription
 " In the year 1731."

And on the other side is a Latin inscription to John Duke of Marlborough.

On the approach to the house, the first thing that strikes you is a dissimilarity in the wings; but this, on enquiry, is satisfactorily explained. The old Lord, who built

106. SEIAW TIOUR THROU GAI ONE
built the body, had intended that the wings should be alike; but before they were finished he died. His successor then changed the plan; and although one of them was already covered in, he began upon a new design, and completed the other wing upon a different construction; so that they both stand staring at each other, as much as to say, What business have you here? Probably the present Lord, if released from his incumbrances, may effect the alteration: if so, it is to be hoped it may be agreeably to the old scale, as the modern one is so exceedingly out of proportion that I am not clear if it is not as large, or larger than the body. A palpable solecism surely in architecture. The hall is a grand and uncommon room; in it are full lengths in marble

Of Augustus Cæsar, and Aurelius,
Ceres, Commodus, Scipio Africanus,
Marc Anthony, and two females,
Com

of the males, supposed to be wives of
Roman Emperors. His father then

Ascending the grand staircase, which
is heavy and ill placed, like all others de-
signed by Sir John Vanbrugh, and the
sides disfigured with coarse paintings, you
come to the little dressing room, in
which is,

Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northum-
berland. And

The prodigal son, by Spagnoletto.

In the Yellow Bedchamber, of pro-

A fine collection of different views
of Venice, by Canaletto. And

George Monk, Duke of Albemarle,
by Sir Peter Lely.

In the Saloon, A

Busts of Marcus Aurelius, Cicero,

Vitellius, in porphyry. Otho,

Com-

Commodus, one unknown, Antoninus Galba, in porphyry. Faustina, Silenus, and Hercules. The tables, Egyptian granite.

In a Passage Room,
The Duchess of Albemarle, in the character of Cleopatra, the colours soft and glowing.

In the Gallery,
Pope Gregory, by Titian. And
A gentleman studying music, by Dominico Fetti.

In a Room and its Anti Chamber,
Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, by Vandyke. And
A crucifixion in ivory, exquisitely fine, with some good antique bronzes.

In

In the Breakfast Room,

James II. by Sir Peter Lely.

Jocelyne Percy, eleventh Earl of

Northumberland, when young,

by Sir Peter Lely. And

A handsome Mosaic table.

In the Dining Room,

Two paintings of cattle, by Rozalo

de Tivoli.

A dog and cats, by Titian.

A green porphyry urn, antique. And

A horse and groom, by Stubbs.

In the Saloon,

St. John, by Salvator Roza.

Pope Julian II. by Titian,

An Ecce Homo, by Vandyke.

A holy family, a copy from Raffaele.

Hunting the stag, and still life, by

Rubens and Snyder.

Bustos of Apollo, Didius, Julian,

Enobarbus, Drusus Cæsar, Pallas

in

A TOUR THROUGH

in touchstone, two Apices, Commodus, Julia, and Poppaea.

In the Tapestry Drawing Room,
Cardinal Howard, exquisitely fine,
by Carlo Moratti.

Several antique bronzes. And the
following bustos,

Severus, Marcus Aurelius, Lucella,
sister to Commodus, and a Sylvan
deity, Brutus and Cassius.

With some beautiful green porphyry
and granate tables.

In the Blue Dining Room,

An Earl of Arundel, by Rubens.

The present Lady Carlisle, by a pupil
of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Three verd antique tables; and the
bustos of

Jeta, Agrippina, and Minerva, in
oriental alabaster.

In

In the State Bedchamber,

The tapestry elegant,

Two antique Sippolina tables, with

two urns of oriental alabaster.

In the Green Drawing Room,

Two tables of bloody jasper,

A Venetian nobleman, by Rembrandt.

A nativity, by Annibal Caraccio.

John the Baptist's head in a charger,

by Rubens.

Tancred and Ermina, by Guercino.

A holy family, and an angel appear-

ing to our Saviour, by Annibal

Caraccio.

Abraham and Isaac, by Rembrandt.

And

Charles I. taking leave of his son the

Duke of York, by Vandyke.

The museum is filled with antique

bustos, urns, bronzes, sarcophaguses,

tables, and many other articles curious

and

and worthy of observation. Besides which, there is a gallery one hundred and sixty feet in length, yet unfinished; in which is a considerable collection of pictures, medals, spars, &c.

Anxious for establishing conveniencies for the dead as well as for the living, the provident old Lord, whom I have mentioned, erected, in a conspicuous situation in the park, a mausoleum, with a chapel upon its top. This repository of the dead has something awful and magnificent about it. Here the young Lords may retire, and muse by the silent tombs of their progenitors; dwell upon those actions which rendered their forefathers worthy of their nobility; or if tired of life, and sick of imitation, pick out a niche, in which to rest the remnants of their mortality.

The

The path to this building winds through the park; the building itself is surrounded with massive pillars, and covered by a dome of good workmanship. From the mausoleum you get to Diana's temple, and thence, continuing along a handsome terrace, come to the front of the house, which is elegant and superb, with a wild boar of fine sculpture, of one block of marble, and as large as life, in a walk immediately adjoining. In short, Castle Howard is a seat suitable to the dignity of the family to whom it appertains. Hitherto the present possessor may have found it inconvenient to attempt improvements; it is now, however, said, that when the estate is freed of its incumbrance, he means to effect certain alterations, which will render it inferior to few places in the kingdom.

Leaving Castle Howard, we proceeded to Scarborough. Filled, like all other watering places at this season of the year,

we found at first some difficulty in procuring a lodging : but this being at length acquired by the force of a never-failing application, the time we stayed glided pleasantly along. The waters, of which, by-the-bye, I do not think there are any great quantities drank, are in many cases reckoned salutary ; but the bathing is the chief inducement for company to resort thither ; the which, together with the freshness of the sea breezes, the regular airings on the beach, in a pure marine atmosphere, and the cheerful evening recreations at the rooms, are such powerful helps, that few people go there valitudinarily, who do not experience their good effects.

From Scarborough, which has nothing worthy of attention, except the castle, built by the Earl of Albemarle in the reign of King Stephen, upon a high point of land to the northward of the town, and

and which must have been in former days of much consideration, we proceeded in an irregular route over the wolds of Yorkshire, that are as wild as can be conceived, to Driffeld, and thence to Beverly. This town, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, is one hundred and seventy-nine miles from London, and is remarkable both for the cleanliness of its streets and houses, and for its minster, which, though greatly inferior in size to many in the kingdom, is in point of beauty and symmetry, perhaps, superior to any that can be named. That which, however, renders it singularly curious, is one of its sides, which having declined after it was built upwards of four feet, has since, by the ingenuity of a joiner, been set upright; the apertures occasioned thereby being filled with a quantity of molten lead, which gives the walls a degree of stability that they evidently wanted in the beginning.

10 Leaving Beverley, we continued our route to Hull, a large and populous seaport town in the same county. This place, situate conveniently on the German ocean, drives a considerable trade with the Baltic, the United Provinces, and all the northern nations: for this purpose a Trinity House has been established on the most laudable foundation. No town can boast of a greater appearance of industry than Hull; the whole mass of the inhabitants seems pervaded by some one principle of commerce or another. From Hull, passing through Fursby, Cave, and Howdon, we arrived at Thorne, the roads all the way being tolerably good, though indifferently supplied with horses. Here nothing was to be seen; the town is situate on the confines of the marshes, which have nothing in them but what is dreary and unpleasant, saving the trunks of trees, the reliques of former ages; our sole refuge, then, was in the church yard, and

in that holy place we met with variety of amusement. Epitaphs innumerable, some good, others bad; take the following as a specimen: it must suffice at present, for want of better matter.

"In this vain world there's many a crooked street;

"Death's the market place where all must meet;

"If life was merchandize, rich men could buy;

"Rich men would ever live, poor men would die."

From Thorne we proceeded through Courick, Snaith, Carlton, Cammelforth, and Selby, crossed the Ouse in a ferry boat; then to Efcirk, Fulford, York, and Scarborough again, in the same manner as before.

LETTER XXI.

September, 1778.

THE time being expired which we had allotted for our stay at Scarborough, with a fresh recruit of curiosity, we began our progress to the North. Passing through Thornton and Pickering, two inconsiderable villages, we came to Helmsley, a fair-looking town, with the remains of an old castle in it, which is in tolerable good preservation; it is evidently, indeed, of no great antiquity, although much of it is fractured and fallen to ruin. Adjoining to Helmsley is Duncombe park, a seat belonging to Mr. Duncombe, and well worthy the attention of a traveller. The approach to it is good; and the house itself, although the wings, like those of Castle Howard, are of different

con-

constructions, is both commodious and convenient. Unfortunately, we arrived at it too late in the evening for a minute investigation: we had time, however, to see almost every thing worthy of observation; though we were denied the satisfaction of noting them down. The paintings, in general, are good, as are the statues and bustos; a dog, in marble, wrought by a celebrated Grecian artist, is, to connoisseurs, the finest and most valuable part of the collection. In a former letter, I think, I mentioned to you, with a great degree of eulogium, the terrace at Wardour castle. That embankment certainly merited it; nor do I mean now to take from it that credit which, I think, every body must allow it to possess; Mr. Duncombe's, however, has certainly more advantages. Lord Arundel's, it is true, is more extensive; Mr. Duncombe's, I must confess, I think more beautiful. Surrounding it is a deep vale covered with

trees, and a river gliding through it, while a rich hanging wood on the other side gives a wildness, and at the same time a richness to the landscape, which is romantic in the extreme: strait hedges, however, are still in being at Duncombe park. Fashions, like prejudices, become too firm to be eradicated at once.

It being dark when we left Duncombe park, and having a cross road to encounter, we had some reason to doubt of the success of our expedition to Thurst that night; nor were we much relieved from our apprehension, when the postboys called out upon a heath that they had missed their way: patience, indeed, and resignation were still left us, and those we determined to exert. Summoning, then, as much hilarity into our manner as possible, we called upon the servants to explore: but, alas! the servants were lost as well as their masters. No voice was to be heard;

heard ; a ditch possibly had received them, or they were wandering whither we could not tell. In this extremity, and with an alternate laugh and eagerness, (for it was very cold) at the very whimsical situation we were in, we were most ridiculously assailed with the well-known sounds of one of the French servants roaring out in broken English for somebody, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, to tell him the road. Stuck as we were all in the mire, nothing could exceed the ludicrous effect this exclamation had upon us, postboys not excepted ; we were almost suffocated with laughter : an answer was, however, given the poor devil, and he at length came up, together with his companion, who had lucklessly joined him, by tumbling into the same hole ; both blessing themselves for their escape, and *badinageing* each other with not a little pleasantry at the pretty figure they would have been in, had they been left in the pit till the next morning, and

then

then as foreigners in time of war, not been able, on examination, to have replied either to the place whence they had come, or whither they were going.

With some difficulty we regained our road, and thence continuing, shook and jolted almost to pieces, we about eleven o'clock arrived safe and sound at Thurst. From Thurst, by an exceeding good road, and through a fertile and well-cultivated country, we proceeded to Ripon, a place distant from London about two hundred and eighteen miles. This town is large, though not populous. The church, or minster, is large and respectable; but not remarkable for any thing, save the charnel house, in which some miserable and grinning remnants of mortality are most piously and methodically arranged.

In the neighbourhood of Ripon, and at the distance of about three miles, stands
Studley

Studley Park, the seat of Mr. Aislabye.
 — The approach to this spot through the park, which naturally swells with much elegance, and is well planted with trees, is highly agreeable and picturesque. The house itself seems large and commodious; the prospects from the lawn before it are exquisite. On the one side, the town and minster of Ripon; on the other, Fountains's abbey; while an obelisk, a pavilion, and a temple, shew themselves in different places in front. Descending from the house by a gradual slope, you come to the garden, as it is called, although, in reality, it is a part of the same park through which you have already passed, somewhat, indeed, more carefully improved. Here you receive a momentary shock at the formality of a large basin of water; nor are you much better pleased, on a little farther progress, at the strait embankation of a pretty little rivulet; but these are both of them to be altered.

tered. At the time they were made, they were fashionable; they now are reprobated, and therefore Mr. Aislabbie means to give them a more artless and rural turn. The hanging wood that overshadows this river is beautiful. Placing yourself near the figure of a dying gladiator, the prospect is really charming; the tower, a temple dedicated to Piety, and a small rotunda, all happily dispersed in the wood, which here forms an amphitheatre. Proceeding on, you open a fine old bridge, with a river rushing through it, and the back ground so darkened by trees, as to give the idea of a cascade foaming through a cavern. At the foot of the bridge, which is venerably covered with ivy and other creepers, you open a beautiful assemblage of new objects most elegantly diversified; the banquetting house, cold bath, rotunda, and a small pavilion, peering above the trees. Crossing the bridge, you then come to the reservoir, which is

an extensive sheet of water; and on the banks of which, but still in the wood, and at some distance from the water, are several elegant recesses. Turning to the left, you get to the temple of Piety, whence you have a pleasing view of the opposite shore, well swelled in lawn and planted. From the temple of Piety you ascend the hanging wood, and, passing through a rustic arched way, come to the tower, where you have a prodigious assemblage of variegated objects. From this spot you continue to the right, at every step opening through artless vistas, Fountaine's abbey, the banquetting house, and the other beauties of the place; and, at the end of the walk, bringing How Hill in front, with its lofty brow, (on which a building is erected) thickly covered with a variety of wood. Thence passing, you come to a seat where the reservoir shews itself immediately beneath, with a beautiful hill on the other side covered with trees, jutting

ring itself into its bosom, and binding it in a circular form.

Leaving this, you come to a spot where you open a view of the finest ruin that it is possible for imagination to conceive. On the left, a modest river gently glides along its side, tufted with oak and evergreen; on the right, rocks and woods romantically shew themselves in natural wildness; while in front, a fine lawn extends itself to where the abbey rears its awful head in all the pride and dignity of age. Here, then, as you may suppose, we continued some time. At length descending, we proceeded along the borders of the reservoir and river, the abbey still appearing with additional beauty as we approached it, till coming to the mouldering arches of a bridge, which we crossed, we soon found ourselves at the entrance of this most beautiful ruin. Never until this moment did I conceive it possible

possible for tottering walls to appear so lovely : unenthusiastically speaking, it fascinated us for a moment ; nor am I now able to do justice to it in description. Extensive as you may suppose, and built in the most beautiful stile of Gothic or Saracenic architecture ; the tower and all the walls are still remaining, the roof alone being gone to ruin. Entering the door, instead of a chancel, you find yourself in a grove : nature has sportively scattered through it an enchanting assemblage of shrubbery and trees. The sod, too, through which they shoot, is exquisitely green : no depredation has been wantonly committed on it ; time, and age alone have brought it to its present state : like the reverend remnants of a good old man, it has fallen in peace, and without a harsh convulsion.

The sanctity of the monks of this abbey was in former days in such repute, that

that it became endowed with most ample revenues. Lord Henry de Percy, one of the principal commanders under Edward the First, in his wars with Scotland, was interred before the high altar of this abbey in 1315. The Percy family were considered as hereditary benefactors of Fountains's abbey. The following curious letter, written by Henry Percy, sixth Earl of Northumberland, so well known for his unsuccessful passion for Queen Anne Bulleyn, and addressed to Thomas Arundel, Esq. one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to the Lord Legate Wolsey, strongly marks the concern they took in its reputation and prosperity. It was on the subject of a complaint made by the Monks against their Abbot, in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

“ Myne entierly wel biloved and af-
“ fured Frend In right harty maner I
“ signifye unto you that ther is credable
“ infor-

" information maid unto me upon the
 " sute and behalf of the covent and bre-
 " threne of the monestary of Fountaine
 " in the county of Yorke that the Abbot
 " there doith not indevoure hymselfe lyke
 " a discrete father towards the said covent
 " and the profet of the hous but haith
 " against the same as well solde and
 " wastyd the greate parte or all theyre
 " store in cataill as also theyre woodis in
 " dyverse contries beyng in like manner as
 " I am informed in his owne conversa-
 " tion after such sorte as the quyet of the
 " said hous which shoulde depend anenst
 " theyme is moch tedews and uncharitable
 " whereby the service of Godd should not
 " be maynteyned like to the ancient cus-
 " tome there and that for mine ancestors
 " and I are benefactours to the said mones-
 " tery the information was more inforced
 " to be maid unto me at this my beying
 " here to the intent upon the premmises I
 " might cause advertisement to be maid

“ unto my singler good Lord Legate that
“ his Grace wd ponder the premisses by
“ his power and auctorite of commission
“ to some discrete fathers in that countrey
“ of religious howses thereby to authoryse
“ theme that if mater of deprivacion may
“ be founde to have the same in execution
“ with a free elleccion to be graunty’d by
“ his Grace to the said covent before the
“ said religious persons commissioners and
“ the said covent havynge especiall respect
“ to the great comoditie and profit that
“ may infewe upon the same and the bet-
“ ter maynteinment of Goddis service and
“ perceyvynge in the contrary theyre great
“ impoverishment would for the increase
“ agayne of the said hous gyf towards the
“ advancement of hys gracious lege, fyve
“ hundreth marks to have lyke comysion
“ to be addressyed into the contrey desyring
“ you most hartely for that I cannot by
“ reason of my diseases attend my Lord
“ myself according to my bounden dutie
“ that

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" that ye wolde be meane unto his Grace
" upon the contents with effect, which as
" I perceyve shal be a right charitable act
" to be executed accordingly, and thus
" hartely fare ye well at besides
" Ellington.

" Yours assure'd

" H. NORTHUMBERLAND.

" This xxvjth day of June.
" To my bedfellowe Arrondell."

The date of the year to this letter is wanting; but it is supposed to have been written between the years 1527, when this Earl succeeded to the title, and 1537, when the religious houses in Yorkshire were visited, and at which time an abbot of Fountains was executed; whose character, as reported to the Lord Cromwell by R. Layton, one of the visitors, so exactly tallies with that given of him in the Earl of Northumberland's letter, that Mr.

Grose does not hesitate to pronounce they both point at one and the same person. Layton's letter is in the Bodleian library.

and faithful servant

Please your Worship to understand,

that the Abbot of Fountains hath so

greatly delapidate his house, wasted ye

woods, notoriously keeping six whores,

and six days before our coming, he com-

mitted theft and sacrilege, confessing the

same; for at midnight he caused his

chapleyn to steyle the keys of the tex-

ten, and took out a jewel, a croise of

gold with stones. One Warren, a gold-

smith, of the Chepe, was with him

in his chambre at the hour, and there

they stole out a great emerode with a

rubie; the sayde Warren made the Ab-

bot believe the rubie was a garnet, and

so far, that he paid nothing for the

emerode but twenty pounds. He sold

him

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him also plate, without weight or ounces.

Subscribed, your poor Priest,

and faithful servant,

R. LAYTON.

From Richmond (in Con. Ebor)

the 20th January."

The above anecdote I have taken from a very valuable work, which I have been much indebted to, and which I have already mentioned—Mr. Grose's Antiquities of England and Wales. But to return.—

By an inscription over one of the portals, it appears to have been finished in 1202.

The length of the grand aisle is three hundred and sixty feet; the cloister garden is quite entire; the chapter-room and library beautiful, and filled with trees; the refectory in high preservation; the cloisters in the same situation, as well as the dormitory; and the whole, in short, such as

K 3 beggars

beggars every faculty of description. One thing I must not omit, viz. The height and symmetry of some of the pillars that are still standing, and the large oak, which growing out of a wall, and spreading its trunk for several feet horizontally, at length erects itself perpendicularly, and throws out a profusion of branches.

Leaving this charming spot, you return by the opposite banks of the river, and thence through an elegantly-winding walk, till you come to a seat which yields a number of scenes, picturesque and diversified; and thence to a handsome building, called the Banqueting-house, in which is an antique bronze of Venus de Medicis. From the banquetting-house, you descend to the cold-bath, and thence, through some delightful walks, to the gate at which you entered the garden, and which conducts you, by another road through the park, to the

the first entrance, where a long avenue, similar to that from Windsor park to the castle, and terminated by Ripon minsters leads you to the high road.

Not satisfied with this spot, which contains the united beauties of Stourton park, Hagley, and Tintern abbey, Mr. Aislabie has purchased another place within six miles of it, which possesses all the wildness of Matlock and the Leasowes; this is Hackfall. Never was there seen a finer assemblage of wild and variegated nature.

“ ————— Here

“ How long soe’er the wanderer roves, each step

“ Shall wake fresh beauties; each short point present

“ A different picture, new, and yet the same.”

MASON.

The vale itself, with a beautiful river running through it, is surrounded with woods, rocks, cataracts; neither is it con-

continued in one regular position; it varies most delightfully. At present it is without a house, although there is a spot charmingly adapted for that purpose; possibly, however, it may be better without one: much pains have been taken with the walks and terraces from one end to the other. Many little buildings have likewise been erected in it, together with some ruins which are admirably well placed. Altogether, it is one of the most romantic, and, with a little more expence, might be made one of the most charming places in the kingdom.

From Hackfall we proceeded to Marsham, a neat and improving town, and thence to Richmond. Here, I must confess, I was disappointed. Accounts had given me reason to suppose it possessed many advantages; but the contrary I found to be the case. The country around it, it is

is true, is pleasant and well cultivated; but the town itself is nothing.

The castle of Richmond is well situated on a hill, on the north side of the river Swale, and adjoining to the town of Richmond. It was built by Alane, Earl of Bretagne, surnamed Rufus, or Fregant, nephew to William the Conqueror, who, as a reward for his gallant behaviour at the battle of Hastings, where he commanded the rear guard of the army, created him Earl of Richmond, and bestowed on him this shire. The charter is preserved by Camden, and is expressed as follows. Its brevity is remarkable.

“ I William, surnamed the Bastard, King of England, do give and grant unto thee my nephew Allan, Earl of Bretagne, and to thy heirs for ever, all the villages and lands which of late be-
 “ longed

48 A TOUR THROUGH

"longed to Earl Edwin in Yorkshire,
"with the Knight's fees and other liber-
"ties and customs, as freely and honou-
"rably as the same Edwin held them,
"Dated from our siege before York."

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

September, 1778.

LEAVING Richmond, we proceeded, through a rich and beautiful country, to within a few miles of Bernard, where we stopped to admire an elegant bridge, about eighty feet in span and forty feet in height, which is at that place thrown across the Tees. That river here runs with prodigious violence; bounded on either side with rocks, and declining considerably, it forms a grand and natural cascade, almost as far as the eye can reach. From this bridge we continued our route to Bernard. This is but a poor town, neither is the castle, though it certainly was extensive and well placed upon the banks of the Tees, at this moment either curious or remarkable.

The

The castle was built by Bernard Baliol, great grandfather of John Baliol, King of Scotland. From its founder, it took the name of Bernard's Castle. Bernard, at his decease, left this castle to his great grandson John, whom King Edward I. having raised to the kingdom of Scotland, obliged, by an oath, to hold his lands in England as his vassal. John failing in his allegiance, King Edward seized on his possessions, notwithstanding those within the diocese of Durham ought, according to custom, to have gone to the Bishop of that see. In the reign of Edward II. Ludovicus Beaumont being consecrated Bishop of Durham, instituted a suit at law against the possessors of these estates, and recovered them by a sentence in his favour, given in the following words: "The Bishop of Durham ought to have the forfeitures within the liberties of this Bishoprick, as the King has them without." John Baliol, founder of the college in Oxford, bearing

bearing his name, was born in this castle. In the reign of Elizabeth, even, it was of considerable consequence. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who were then in arms, got possession of it; it is true; but not until they had gone through the ceremony of hard-fighting, and which only on honourable terms.

From the amazing rapidity of the Tees at the bridge I have mentioned, judging that the celebrated fall of that river must have increased, both in velocity and expanse, from the late heavy rains, we lost no time, but hastily snatching a morsel of dinner, although it was late in the afternoon, set off in hopes of seeing it that evening; but night overtook us on the way. The roads in many places were almost impassable; so that by the time we got to Middleton, a town distant about ten miles from Bernard, we found it both too dreary and too dismal to attempt any farther

ther

after progress. At Middleton, therefore, we halted, and the next morning early, having been serenaded about four o'clock with a surly old boor's roaring for cold meat and ale for his breakfast, we proceeded to the cataract, which in every respect came up to our expectations. An immense column of water tumbling for a considerable distance over huge massive rocks, at length precipitates itself down a frightful precipice of about sixty feet perpendicular height; roaring in its fall, and throwing up such a quantity of spray, as to wash the rocks all around. Here again it takes a quiet course; but, after a little progress, another precipice again forms a fall as beautiful as the first, but in no comparison equal in sublimity. These views, however, cannot be taken together. Placing ourselves on a rock in the very center of the river, and at the spot where the grand cataract first begins its fall, we happily brought the whole of the first immediately in sight.—

Strange as it may seem, the effect was much less beautiful at the bottom; there, indeed, it still appeared awful and tremendous: but the summit is the place to see it in perfection.

Bleak as the morning was, for the country all around was wild and desolate, and the air pinchingly cold, we continued in admiration of this sport of nature for some time, and at length returned well satisfied with our errand. On our return, our guide desired us to step on one side to observe a bridge that has been laid across the Tees at about a mile from the fall, and which is constructed literally to hang in chains. The way is this: two thick and substantial chains are thrown from the one shore to the other, and on these, in equilibrio, is placed a slight bridge, of the breadth of about two feet. As may be supposed, this machine is rickety and unpleasant to a passenger; it is, indeed, steadied

steadied as much as possible by side-chains, which are fastened to the rocks beneath; still, however, it shakes and bends as it is trodden upon. Nor is it long since a violent flood, taking away one of the chains, the whole of the fabric completely turned over; fortunately without injury to either man or beast, none being upon it at the moment.

Returning to Middleton, whence, by the way, no traveller should go but on horseback to the fall, we proceeded over a large tract of moor-land to Stainthorpe, a neat little town, and thence to Raby Castle.

This castle was built by John de Neville, soon after the year 1378; at which time a license for its creation was granted by Bishop Hatfield; a duplicate of it is still preserved in the archives of the see of Durham. The manor of Raby had long

been in the possession of this family, who held it of the see of Durham by the yearly rent of four pounds, and a flag. Iceland in his Itinerary says, "Raby is the largest castel of Logginges in all the north cuntry, and is of a strong building, but not set ether on hilly or very strong ground."

After the accession of Henry II. no one could build a castle without first obtaining the royal license; but the county of Durham being a palatinate, a power of granting such license belonged to the Bishop, who was there considered as Viceroy. The tenor of the license to John de Neville, was as follows: "Thomas par la Grace de Dieu, Eveque de Duresme, a tous y qui cestez noz presentes lettres verront, ou orrount salut. Sachez que nous de nostre grace chere especial & pour le grant amour que nous avons envers nostre chere & foial John de
VOL. II. L. Nevill,

“Nevill, Chevalier, Sieur de Raby, qui
“de long temps adesse de nostre conseil,
“& nous servant, lui eions grante & tant
“que nous est & licence especiall done
“quil puisse de son manior de Raby, q'est
“dedenz nostre Roial Seignurie dedans
“nostre Evechee de Duresme, faire un
“Chastell fraunchement a son volonte, &
“touz les tours, mesons, & mures, d'y
“celle, batailler & kinneller, sans estre
“ent empescher molester, — ou outres
“nos subijtz — ou demurant dedenz nos-
“tre did seignurie roial. A avoir & tenir
“perpetuelement a lui & a ses heires
“issuit quil ne soit pas prejudicial ne da-
“magons a nous, ne a nostre Eglise de
“Duresme, ne a noz successeur en nule
“temps a venire. En temounance de
“quel chozes, nous avons faitez faire
“cestez noz lettres patentes. Don a Du-
“resme par les meins Willielmi de El-
“medon, nostre Chauncellor, le disme
“jour

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“jour de May, L’An de nostre sacre
“trent & tierce.

“Par Lettre de Private Seal.”

This building, however, brilliantly
as it may have been spoken of, is certainly
not magnificent: it takes up, it is true,
a vast extent of ground, and is kept in
exceeding good repair; but still it does
not answer one’s expectations. The park
and other improvements are extensive;
but nothing farther. It is altogether, as
an old building, worth seeing, and the
present possessor, Lord Darlington, seems
desirous of making it more so, by the
quantities of wood he has already, and
still means, to plant round it.

From Raby Castle we proceeded to
Bishop Auckland, a large and populous
town, where the Bishop of Durham has
an excellent park and palace, in which he
generally resides; and thence to Durham.

He is Sheriff, patron of the barony, and appoints the county.

A TOUR THROUGH

This town is charmingly situated on a hill whose skirts are washed by the windings of the Were, and over which there are three good bridges. The cathedral is a large edifice, though not so grand as might be expected in the bishoprick of Durham. The livings are considerable: some of the inhabitants indeed complain of being priest-ridden. No tenement, they say, however small, that does not pay something to their reverencies. Improvements even are assented; but, the whole being a kind of ecclesiastical government, they very charitably put up with it, without violent murmurs.

The walks about Durham are rural and romantic; the banks of the Were afford ample space, and the good people have not been inattentive to their improvement. The Bishop of Durham is a temporal Prince, being Earl of Sadberg, a small town near Stockton, which he holds by barony.

barony. He is Sheriff, paramount of the county, and appoints his deputy, who makes up his audit to him without accounting to the Exchequer. He is also a Count Palatine, Lord of the city, and appoints all officers of justice and other inferior magistrates.

A castle was built at Durham by William the Conqueror, about the year 1072, to serve as a retreat, or place of safety for the Bishop, in case of sudden invasions, to which at that time, its situation both with respect to the sea coast and Scottish borders, made it subject. Leland,

in his Itinerary, thus describes the castle,

“ The Castelle stondith stately on the

“ north est side of the Minstre, and the

“ Were runneth under it. The kepe

“ stondith aloft, and in state, buildid of

“ eight square. Bishop Fox did much

“ reputation of this dungeon; and he

“ made beside in the castelle, a new

“ kychen,

“kitchen, with the offices, and many
 “praty chambers.” This cathedral was founded about the year
 995 on a desolate spot called Dunholme,
 which, according to the Legend, was
 thus miraculously pointed out; Aldwinus
 having removed the body of St. Cuthbert
 from Chester-le-Street to Ripon, on ac-
 count of a Danish incursion, every
 thing being again quiet, was returning
 with his holy charge to Chester, when
 coming in on the east side of Durham,
 at a place called Wardelaw, the oxen
 that drew the carriage on which the saint
 was laid, suddenly stood still; nor could
 all their efforts, joined to those of the
 bystanders, move it an inch, it seeming
 as if fastened to the ground. The Monks
 desiring to know the saint’s intention in
 thus impeding their journey, had recourse
 to fasting and prayer, in order to obtain a
 revelation of his will. At the end of
 three

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three days, Eadmar, a holy man, was informed by a vision, that St. Cuthbert did not approve of returning to his old quarters, but chose to be carried to Dunholme, where he should at length find a resting place. Here a new difficulty occurred; none of them knew where Dunholme lay: but whilst they were in great distress and perplexity on this account, a woman who had lost her cow inquiring after her, was answered by another she had been seen in Dunholme. This was a happy sound to the bewildered Monks, who getting proper information, made the best of their way to the chosen spot, and in gratitude to their accidental guide, Ranulph Flambard caused both the woman and her cow to be carved on the north turret of the nine altars.

A more noble and magnificent church was shortly afterwards begun, and finished (except the west tower, completed by

Edmunde) by Bishop Aldwinus; and anno 999, dedicated with great solemnity; whither the Saint's body was again removed, and whence it made its last journey to Holy Island. The Bishop's see was now first removed to Durham, where it has continued ever since. The cathedral of Durham was begun in 1093, and, as I learn from Mr. Grose, was finished in 1242, in the reign of Henry III. To the shrine of St. Cuthbert, where miracles were pretended to be wrought, devotees *pro salute animarum*, resorted in abundance, and in offerings enriched the church "beyond the power "of belief." The greatest of all excommunications, however, were thundered against the female sex, that should approach nearer than a certain distance to the shrine of the holy Saint. The line was literally prescribed to them; beyond it, it was impious to tread; and why, or wherefore, it is difficult to judge, unless

less the very ungenerous tradition of his having been incontinent, and rather too frolicksome with a Princess, to the great annoyance of her royal father, could have served as data, for an apprehension, that prolific grace was to be drawn even as healing benefits from sapless bones.

Leaving Durham, we bent our course towards Newcastle, stopping in our way at Cocken, a seat belonging to Mr. Carl, delightfully situate on the Were, and abounding with natural advantages, which have in general been neglected; and at a little distance from it, at Lumley Castle, a large mansion belonging to Lord Scarborough; but which contains nothing worthy of observation, except a good painting of Sir Thomas More. Near to Cocken is Finchale Abbey, an old monastery, but no way remarkable; (although a holy man named Godric, afterwards canonized, who had in his youth visited the holy sepulchre,

pulchre, retired hither by divine direction, and lived the life of an hermit in an hermitage dedicated to St. John the Baptist) and in the centre of the river a chalybeate spring, which in dry seasons is observed to issue from the rocks with a reddish tinge. Chester-le-Street, our next stage, was in former days a considerable Roman station. From thence to Newcastle our road was a few miles,

Newcastle, situated on the banks of the Tyne, is a large and populous city. The town itself, though there are some good buildings in it, is far from handsome. Conveniency formerly was attended to, more than elegancy: a different spirit has now, however, taken place, and a few years more will perhaps see it upon an equal footing, with other more modernly beautified towns. St. Nicholas's Church, the most celebrated, has no pretensions whatever to the praises which have
been

been bestowed upon it, the steeple is whimsical, and saying thus much, you say every thing. The principal riches derived to Newcastle are from its coal works, and these it has enjoyed from the days of Henry III. The charter to the town of Newcastle by that monarch, licensing the inhabitants to dig coal, being the first mention we have of coal in England. Vast numbers of colliers are consequently employed, and these in their small voyages to London, and different parts of England, encountering every vicissitude of season and of weather, rear up a supply of mariners for our navy, which must be of the utmost importance to our national strength. North Shields, the Gravesend of Newcastle, absolutely abounds with them.

The castle at Newcastle was built by Robert Curthose, son of William the Conqueror, anno. 1080, on which ac-

count the town took the name of Newcastle; before that period it was called Monkchester. At the distance of about ten miles from Newcastle, the Tyne discharges itself into the German Ocean. The remains of the castle at this spot still shew it to have been a place of considerable strength: no part of the ruin is, however, in good preservation, except the eastern end of the aisle of the church.

The time when this monastery was first founded, as well as the founder, are both uncertain. Leland says, that Edwin, King of Deira (or the country between the rivers Humber and Tees) who reigned about the year 627, built a chapel of wood at Tynemouth, wherein his daughter Rosetta took the veil; and that this chapel was afterwards re-built by St. Oswald with stone. In the course of time it became possessed of vast revenue: notwithstanding which, no opportunity was

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

was misled of increasing it. The following traditionary story, which is according to Mr. Grose, corroborated by a monument still in being, in the neighbourhood of Preston, is proof positive, as well as proof laughable, of the insatiable hunger of Romish ecclesiastics after riches.

A Monk of this monastery strolling abroad, came to the house of Mr. Delaval, an ancestor of the ancient family of that name. That gentleman was then absent on a hunting party, but was expected back to dinner. Among many dishes preparing in the kitchen was a pig, ordered purposely for Mr. Delaval's own eating. This alone suiting the liquorish palate of the Monk, and though admonished and informed for whom it was intended, he cut off the head, (reckoned by epicures the most delicious part of the animal) and putting it into a bag, made

the best of his way towards the monastery. Delaval, at his return, being informed of the transaction, which he looked upon as a personal insult, and being young and fiery, re-mounted his horse, and set out in search of the offender; when overtaking him about a mile east of Preston, he so belaboured him with his staff, called a hunting gad, that he was hardly able to crawl to his cell. This Monk dying within a year and a day, although, as the story goes, the beating could not in any manner have been the cause of his death, his brethren made it a handle to charge Delaval with his murder; who, before he could get absolved, was obliged to make over to the monastery, as an expiation of this deed, the manor of Elfig, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, with several other valuable estates; and by way of an amende honourable, to set up an obelisk on the spot where he so properly corrected the Monk;

on the pedestal of which is engraved the following inscription, "O horror to kill, a man for a pigges head!" This monument is called the Monk's stone. Elgigi was made the summer retreat of the Prior of Tynemouth.

To have been at Newcastle, and often of curiosity too, without seeing a coal-pit, would have been a sin of the most unpardonable nature. To a pit, therefore, we repaired, and as good fortune would have it, to the largest in the county. Arrived at the spot where our expedition was to commence, we found a prodigious large fire engine at work, draining the water from the pit; and adjoining to it a circular hole, of a tolerable diameter, filled with smoak, and seemingly of depth sufficient to serve as a chimney to one of Pluto's principal apartments. To dress ourselves was the first operation: that being done in the true fashion of the place,

place, we next prepared for a descent into this suffocating hole. A piece of board about one foot and a half long, and about the breadth and thickness of three inches, was fastened at each end to a rope reeved through it. This sling, or horse, or whatever you may please to call it, was, in short, the seat on which we were to repose ourselves till we got to the bottom: accordingly this sling, being hung upon a hook at the end of an iron chain, which was itself fastened to a rope, and each of us (for two went at a time) with a leg through it, and our arms twisted round the chain, were in that manner turned off like malefactors at Tyburn, and gently lowered by the operation of six horses constantly employed for that purpose, till we found ourselves at the end of about five minutes safely landed on solid ground, and with a huge fire burning on one side to keep the air in proper temperature.

All

All lodged in this manner in these nearer regions, we began to explore the pit; not in the Derbyshire stile of crawling, but perfectly erect, and as little incommoded, saving black faces, as you would be in your drawing room. The quantity of coal in these places is really wonderful. A good vein generally runs seven feet high, and in depth *ad infinitum*. They do not, however, take all away: prodigious pillars of the same stratum are left between every apartment that is worked, to support the roof. The apartments are never above four yards wide, and the pillars are always ten yards in breadth and twenty yards in depth. Seeing a dozen of these apartments, you, in fact, see the whole; they are all worked upon the same principle. Their extent, as you may suppose, is great; they run into each other, and in time will probably undermine the greatest part of the country. That which surprized me the most were the horses. I

found living there, and many of which are at times worked (as we were told) for ten or fifteen years before they are rendered incapable of service ; all in good health too, and in excellent condition. Who would have thought to have met with a stud of blood horses seven or eight hundred feet under ground ? The miners do not continue in the pits above twelve hours at a time.

Well satisfied with this far from unpleasant trip, we began to ascend in the same manner we had descended, two at a time ; and in a short space the whole party found themselves cheerfully seated in the fields again. A whimsical fellow, however, and one who had an inclination for sport, knowing the moment we should begin our journey upwards, set out at the same instant downwards, and, meeting us half way, accosted us in a pleasant strain with “ How do you do, Gentlemen ? ”

Unable

Unable to discern any thing whatever, and knowing ourselves suspended, we could not conceive where the man could have placed himself: but our footy protectors in the sling soon cleared up the matter, by telling us it was a concerted scheme, and that their comrade had come down merely to surprize us with a salutation.

The coal which is in such abundance dug from these pits is wound up in baskets, and these baskets again are emptied into carts, which are placed upon cylindrical wheels; and in those carts, with great expedition, though with very little labour, it is carried along by sleepers to the warehouse or wharf, where it is again thrown into barges for exportation. Leaving Newcastle, we proceeded to Morpeth.

Morpeth, and its neighbourhood, was in former days notorious for the lawless banditti, called Moss Troopers, who infested both England and Scotland. Those borderers plundered each country indiscriminately. Pursued by the English, they fled into Scotland. Pursued by the Scots, they took refuge in England. Nor would the animosity of the two nations suffer them to unite their common interest against their common enemies. Various methods were tried after the Union to root out the Moss Troopers; but, so formidable were they grown, that in the fourteenth of Charles the First, an act of parliament was purposely passed for their suppression; wherein they are described as lewd, disorderly, and lawless persons; being thieves and robbers, bred and residing in the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland; taking advantage of large waste grounds, heaths and mosses. The counties were even authorized to levy money within

within their respective jurisdictions; and to arm men for the apprehending, and bringing them to justice. From Morpeth we continued to Alnwick.

Before we begin with Alnwick, however, I cannot refrain from giving you a story which is recorded of St. Cuthbert, of whom I have already made honourable mention; and the scene of action of which was not far distant from the spot we are now arrived at. “Lindisfairne, or Holy Island,” says the legend, “which was as void of men as full of devils, became the stage whereon the Saint acted many of his miracles; for at his arrival the spirits that had frequented it were glad to fly, and to forego their title; the rocks poured out their water, and the earth (as if there had been a return of the golden age) brought forth corn without tillage: and here he consecrated nine years to meditation, so

“ wholly devoted to heaven, that he forgot
“ he was on earth, and in a whole year
“ did not put off his shoes. And al-
“ though he wanted men for his auditors,
“ yet he ceased not to preach. Some
“ birds having eaten up his corn, he
“ made them a discourse to correct their
“ rapacity; taking for his text these words,
“ Thou shalt not covet another's goods:
“ which text he so handled, and so clear-
“ ly demonstrated the enormity of their
“ crime, that they never after touched a
“ grain of his barley. In like manner
“ he reclaimed two crows from an habi-
“ tual dishonesty. These birds, who, it
“ is too well known by the farmers, are
“ a little apt to disregard the nice distinc-
“ tions of property, in order to build
“ their nests, had plucked off some of the
“ best straws from the Saint's dwelling;
“ whereupon he cited them personally to
“ appear before him, and so sermonized
“ and documented them, and rendered
I “ them

“ them so penitent, that they lay prostrate at his feet for absolution, and the next day brought him a piece of pork to make him satisfaction. Here casuists may raise an objection to the propriety of receiving the present, as it was not in all probability honestly come by. To these it will be sufficient now to answer, that St. Cuthbert was undoubtedly convinced of its being their lawful property, otherwise he most certainly would not have accepted of it. Perhaps, had this objection been made some centuries ago, the sceptics would have been answered with Peter’s plain argument, and a Smithfield syllogism; that is, a load of faggots for the major, a lighted torch for the minor, and a burning for the conclusion.”

At the extremity of the town of Alnwick, is Alnwick Castle, a building which at once unites all the magnificence and

grandeur of the old taste with all the elegance of modern improvement. It belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, and is kept in the most perfect order. The apartments are all happily fitted up; mostly in the Gothic taste: and the grounds for twenty miles together, to the infinite honour of the present possessor, are laid out in the best and most advantageous manner. It being somewhat late in the afternoon when we arrived at Alnwick, his Grace sent to us his gentleman with his compliments, and a request that we would favour him with our company in the castle. We accordingly waited upon him, and were most courteously entertained. Had we not been pinched for time, we should have continued there that night: he pressed us earnestly to do so; but we declined it; neither did we stay supper: but returning our acknowledgements for his politeness and hospitality, we continued our route to Belfort.

Before I take you from Alnwick, however, it will please you to be informed of some circumstances relative to so very old, and so very stately an edifice. It is situated on the south side of the river Alne, on an elevation that gives great dignity to its appearance, and in ancient times rendered it a most impregnable fortress. It is believed to have been founded in the time of the Romans, although no part of the original structure is now remaining. But, when part of the dungeon, or castle keep, was taken down to be repaired some years ago, under the present walls were discovered the foundation of other buildings, which lay in a different direction from the present, and some of the stones appeared to have Roman mouldings. Malcolm the Third, King of Scotland, and his eldest son, Prince Edward, lost their lives before this place.

The

The castle properly consists of three courts or divisions; the entrance of which was defended with three strong maffy gates, called the *Outer Ward*, the *Middle Ward*, and *Inner Ward*. Each of these gates was in a high-embattled tower, furnished with a portcullis, and the outward gate with a drawbridge also; they had each of them a porter's lodge, and a strong prison, besides other necessary apartments for the constable, bailiff, and subordinate officers. Under each of the prisons was a deep and dark dungeon, into which the refractory prisoners were let down with cords, and from which there was no exit but through the trap door in the floor above. That of the inner ward is still remaining in all its horror.

The castle, as it is described in the Antiquities of England, &c. contains about five acres of ground within its outer walls, which are flanked with sixteen towers and
turrets,

turrets, that now afford a complete set of offices to the castle, and retain many of their original names, as well as their ancient use and destination. From length of time, and the shocks it had sustained in ancient wars, this castle is become quite a ruin. It presented to the eye of the curious, nothing more pleasing than the picture, though for a more sacred object, drawn by the poet,

" Half buried there lie many a broken bust,
 " And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by time ;
 " And many a cherub here descends in dust
 " From the rent roof and portico sublime.

" Where rev'rend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
 " The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads ;
 " And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
 " Through the worn turrets wave their trembling heads."

CUNNINGHAM.

But the present family of Percy has rescued it from destruction. It now bears its head aloft, with all the magnificence of high baronial dignity. Hotspur here
 used

used to lay his gallant but perturbed spirit. It is pleasant to contemplate the seat of such illustrious characters. Shew me the man who has visited Alnwick, and who has not felt animated with the sight of the remaining part of the armour of that dauntless hero, and you will shew me what I can scarce think possible to exist in the human shape.

From Alnwick, our way led to Belfort; and from Belfort the next day we travelled through a wild country to the river Tweed, over which we crossed by a strong stone bridge to Berwick, formerly celebrated, as Leland in his Collectanea has it, for the trial of many hundreds and thousands of breakers of the peace and conspirators, several of whom were hanged in the reign of Edward the First, and of
 “ the Countesse of Bowen, who was
 “ closed in a cage, whose breadth, length,
 “ height, and depth, was eight foote, and
 “ hanged

“hanged over the wals;” thence to Press Inn; and from Press Inn, by a pleasant winding road, round a capacious bay, to Boxbourne and Dunbar. From Dunbar we again continued our journey to Haddington; and from Haddington, through a highly-cultivated and fertile country, with the Firth of Forth on our right, and a range of romantic hills in our front, to Leith and Edinburgh.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

September, 1778.

EDINBURGH, the capital of North Britain, is pleasantly situated on two hills, and is distinguished by the names of the Old and the New Town. Over the hollow, which separates the one from the other, a bridge has been thrown, at much expence, although the demolition of a few crazy houses on the side of the Old Town would not only have added beauty to the place, but would have served, in some measure, to have filled up that space which now only serves as a receptacle for filth and nastiness. The castle of Edinburgh is well situated, and in those days, when firearms were not used, was probably impregnable. Holyrood house, or the abbey, as it was anciently called, is a large
but

but inelegant building; famous, however, for having been the place of residence of the monarchs of Scotland.

In the apartments, at present possessed by the Duke of Hamilton, the furniture and hangings of the rooms are preserved in which the unhappy Mary lived, and, in particular, of that in which her favourite Rizzio was murdered. The room itself where he received the first wound, and where he clung round his royal mistress for protection, is small: the dark staircase, on which the conspirators planted themselves, leads into it. Hence he was dragged, and with innumerable stabs expired in an adjoining chamber. The blood to this hour remains on the floor; nay, so deeply has it penetrated, that the boards, although repeatedly plained, are still the recorders of that bloody deed. Dr. Robertson's account of it, in his elegant

gant History of Scotland, you may remember.

“ On the 9th of March, 1566, Mor-
“ ton entered the court of the palace with
“ an hundred and sixty men, and, with-
“ out noise, or meeting with any resist-
“ ance, seized all the gates. While the
“ Queen was at supper with the Coun-
“ tefs of Argyle, Rizzio, and a few do-
“ mestics, the King suddenly entered the
“ apartment by a private passage. At his
“ back was Ruthven, clad in complete
“ armour, and with that ghastly and hor-
“ rid look which long sickness had given
“ him: three or four of his most trusty
“ accomplices followed. Such an unu-
“ sual appearance alarmed those who were
“ present. Rizzio instantly apprehended
“ that he was the victim at whom the
“ blow was aimed; and, in the utmost
“ consternation, retired behind the Queen,
“ of whom he laid hold, hoping that the
“ reverence

“ reverence due to her person might prove
 “ some protection to him. The conspi-
 “ rators had proceeded too far to be re-
 “ strained by any consideration of that
 “ kind: numbers of armed men rushed
 “ into the chamber. Ruthven drew his
 “ dagger, and, with a furious mien and
 “ voice, commanded Rizzio to leave a place
 “ of which he was unworthy, and which
 “ he had occupied too long. Mary em-
 “ ployed tears and entreaties, and threat-
 “ enings, to save her favourite; but, not-
 “ withstanding all these, he was torn from
 “ her by violence; and, before he could
 “ be dragged through the next apartment,
 “ the rage of his enemies put an end to
 “ his life, piercing his body with fifty-six
 “ wounds.”

The university, which is an indifferent
 pile of building, was founded in 1582 by
 James VI., on the ruins of a Carthusian
 monastery, built at the sole expence of the

citizens, who still pay the salaries of the professors, except a few who have been added by government. Besides the principal and professor of divinity, there are professors of all the liberal arts and sciences; so that it is at present the most flourishing university in Scotland, and, with respect to the study of the different branches of science, equal, if not superior, to any in Europe. The Lord Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh are its perpetual Chancellors, and by them all professors are nominated, except such as are paid by government. The New Town of Edinburgh is indisputably constructed upon an elegant and convenient plan: the houses are large and well built; the streets broad, and the whole breathes an air of cleanliness and taste, that in vain one seeks for in the Old Town.

The terminating word in the name of this city, draws to my recollection a cu-

rious

rious disquisition of Verstigan; in his anti-
quities concerning the English nation.
Speaking of burgh, burrough, or borrow,
he says, "It was a thing usual among
"our old Saxon ancestors, as by Tacitus
"it also seemeth to have bin among the
"other Germans, that the dead bodies of
"such as were slaine in the field were not
"laid in graves; but, lying upon the
"ground, were covered over with turves
"or cloddes of earth: and the more in re-
"putation the persons had bin, the higher
"and greater were the turves raised up
"over their bodies. This some used to
"call *byrighing*, some *beorging*, and some
"*burighing*, of the dead, (all being one
"thing, though differently pronounced;)
"and from whence we retaine our speech
"of burying of the dead, that is, hyding
"of the dead. Now, because the *byrighs*
"or *beorghs*, &c. (being as much as to
"say hiding places) seemed as hilles, the
"name of *byrigh*, or *beorgh*, (now *bergh*,)

“ became (though metaphorically) all
 “ Germanie over, to be the general name
 “ of a mountaine, more than the name
 “ of *hil* or *dunn*, there formerly used. I
 “ am the more willing to shew the origi-
 “ nale meaning of this word, because the
 “ number of places in England, which
 “ end in *bery*, *bury*, and *burrow*, origi-
 “ nally allone, and properly signifying
 “ to shroude or hyde; which may also
 “ appear by our calling, in some partes of
 “ England, the places made for conies to
 “ hide and shroud themselves in, *come-*
 “ *beries*, or *come-buries*; and in other parts
 “ of England *come-burrowes*. The name
 “ also of *burgh*, or *burrough*, now com-
 “ monly written *burrow*, which we give
 “ to some towns, is from hence originally
 “ derived; places first so called, having
 “ bin with walls of turf or clods of earth
 “ fensed about for men to be shrowded in,
 “ as in *fortes* or *castles*. And where the
 “ word *burie* is the termination of a citie,

“ as Canterburie, Salisburie, and the lyke,
 “ it metaphorically signifieth a high or
 “ chief place.”

Leaving Edinburgh, we crossed the Firth of Forth at Queen's Ferry, and thence proceeded along a good road to Kin-Ross, situate upon the pleasant banks of Lock Leven.

Lock Leven is about twelve miles in circumference. In one of the islands is a convent, in which Andrew Winton, a monk, wrote his Chronicle, the original copy of which is lodged in the British Museum. But that which renders the lake most remarkable, was the confinement of Mary by her nobles, on another of the islands, on which there stands a castle, and where she signed an instrument by which she renounced all title to the crown, and transferred the government to her infant son. From this castle she was

released by George Douglas, brother of the Laird of Lochlevin, who conveyed her away in a small boat, which he rowed himself, the 2d May, 1568.

From Kin-Ross we proceeded, through a delightful corn country most industriously cultivated, to the town of Perth, built on the borders of the river Tay; the approach to which is exquisitely neat and pleasant.

In the time of the Commonwealth, the Presbyterian ecclesiastics had carried their priestly tyranny to a great length in Scotland. Whitelock, treating of this subject, says, "The synod meeting at Perth, and citing the ministers and people who had expressed a dislike of their heavenly government, the men being out of the way, their wives resolved to answer for them. And on the day of appearance, one hundred and twenty women, with good

"good clubs in their hands, came and be-
 "sieged the church where the reverend
 "ministers sat. They sent one of their
 "number to deal with the females, and
 "he threatening excommunication, they
 "basted him for his labour, kept him
 "prisoner, and sent a party of sixty, who
 "routed the rest of the clergy, bruised
 "their bodies sorely, took all the baggage
 "and twelve horses. One of the mini-
 "sters, after a mile's running, taking all
 "creatures for his foes, meeting with a
 "soldier, fell on his knees, who knowing
 "nothing of the matter, asked the black-
 "coat what he meant. The female con-
 "querors, having laid hold on the synod
 "clerk, beat him till he forswore his
 "office. Thirteen ministers rallied about
 "four miles from the place, and voted
 "that this village should never more have
 "a synod in it, but be accursed; and that
 "though in the year 1638 and 39, the
 "godly were cried up for stoning the

"bishops, yet how the whole sex should
"be esteemed wicked."

From Perth, our next stage was Dun-
dee; there we did not remain long, but
crossed the country to pay a visit to an old
and valuable acquaintance, who lived at
the distance of about fifteen miles.

Dundee was a well-fortified town, in
the time of the civil wars, supplied with
a good garrison under Lumisden, and
full of all the rich furniture, plate, and
money of the kingdom, which had been
sent thither as to a place of safety. Monk
appeared before it; and having made a
breach, gave a general assault. He carried
the town; and following the example and
instructions of Cromwell, put all the in-
habitants to the sword, in order to strike
a general terror into the kingdom.

The Much

Much as we had heard of Scots hospitality, we yet did not conceive that it ever could have been carried to the extreme in which we found it. Our first intent, was merely to stay a night with our friend; instead of which, the neighbouring gentlemen leaguining themselves together, agreeably detained us a considerable number of days: no sooner had we been with one, than another threw in his claim; and thus, loading us with a profusion of unmerited, though most gratifying kindness, they baffled our firmest resolves, and compelled us to enjoy as much satisfaction, as enlightened, well-bred, liberal society could afford: and lest this should not be enough, some of the principal gentlemen insisted on accompanying us through the highlands, and actually did so, as you will observe in the sequel.

The

The first place we visited was the castle of Glamis, distant from Dundee about eight miles. The appearance of this old mansion is much more singular and venerable than it is magnificent; it is built in a hollow, with a multitude of turrets starting from its nodding top. It was the favourite residence of Macbeth, who assassinated Duncan about the middle of the eleventh century. You recollect with what horrid imagery Shakespeare paints the perpetration of that murder:

Macbeth. I've done the deed; didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

“Did not you speak?”

Macbeth. When?

Lady. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady. Aye.

Macbeth. Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady.

"*Lady.* Donalbain.

"*Macbeth.* This is a sorry fight—

[*Looks on his hands.*

"*Lady.* A foolish thought to say—a
"sorry fight.

"*Macbeth.* There's one did laugh in
"his sleep; and one cried, murder. They
"waked each other, and I stood and heard
"them; but they did say their prayers,
"and address them again to sleep.

"*Lady.* There are two lodged to-
"gether.

"*Macbeth.* One cry'd, God bless us!

"and, Amen the other,

"As they had seen me with these hang-
"man's hands.

"Listening their fear, I could not say

"Amen,

"When they did say, God bless us!

"*Lady.* Consider it not so deeply.

"*Macbeth.* But wherefore could not I

"pronounce, Amen?

"I had

I had most need of blessing, and Amen

Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be

thought.

After these ways; so it will make us mad.

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice

cry, Sleep no more!

Macbeth doth murder sleep; the inno-

cent sleep;

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve

of care;

The death of each day's life, fore-la-

bour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's

second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cry'd, Sleep no

more to all the house, Glamis hath

murder'd sleep; and, therefore, Cawdor

shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep

no more!

ACT II. SCENE III.

From

From the extirpation of the Picts, till the death of Macbeth, Angusshire seems to have been the principal residence of the Scottish Kings. The church of Glamis stands near the house; and in the church-yard are two stone monuments set up in memory of King Malcolm, who was assassinated there.

From Glamis, passing by the spot where the Picts made their last stand, a peninsula in the Tay, and by the celebrated hill of Birnam;

“ Macbeth shall never vanquish’d be, until
 “ Great Birnam wood to Dunfamine’s high hill
 “ Shall come against him ;”

on which, by the way, there is not a single stick now growing. We proceeded to Dunkeld, a handsome town in the highlands, where the Duke of Athol has a pleasant seat for the winter season. The situation of this place, surrounded by hills, many

many of them covered to the summit with wild, luxuriant oak, and a variety of other trees, and washed by branches of the Tay and Braun, is highly picturesque; especially at the spot called the Hermitage, where the Braun, rushing down a precipice, foams through a glen, confined by a wood of the most exquisite foliage, and at length joins itself to the Tay. From Dunkeld about two miles stands the grumbling brieck, or bridge. This is a romantic fall of water, which by its velocity has formed an arch in the center of a rock through which it now passes, and over which, in former days, the highlanders, at the hazard of their lives, were obliged to find their way. At present there is a bridge erected immediately above it, the perpendicular height of which, together with the noise of the fall, the impetuosity of the torrent, and the roaring of the Braun for a considerable distance (that river forming an almost uninter-

rupted

rupted cataract) and the wildness of the hills around, are, taken altogether, such an assemblage of unusual beauties, that they cannot but afford real delight and satisfaction.

Leaving Dunkeld, which was formerly the seat of a bishop, as the remains of its cathedral testify, we proceeded to Taymouth, a pleasantly-situated seat of Lord Breadalbaine in the valley of that name; on either side bounded by hills covered with wood, and in front by Loch-Tay, which extends itself for the distance of sixteen miles. The pains which have already been taken with this place, crowded as it is with natural advantages, are evident; much more are still in agitation; so that in the end, it will probably be one of the finest places in the kingdom. The beauties of the Loch, the river Tay running out of it, and winding through his Lordship's pleasure-grounds, the romantic
girting

THE TOUR THROUGH

gisting of the woods and the roaring of a cataract from the summit of one of the highest hills, are beauties so surpassing most things to be met with, that Taymouth must inevitably stand high in the estimation of all true lovers of the sublime.

About one mile from Taymouth lies the Hermitage; a deep dell on the southern side of the Loch, down which a huge stream rolls from a prodigious height in awful majesty, bursting over heaps of mishapen rocks, and sprinkling the oak, the beech, and fir, which profusely sprout around it.

Just thus in woods and solitary caves
The ancient hermits liv'd, but they liv'd happy;
And in their quiet contemplations found
More real comforts, than societies
Of men could yield, than cities could afford,
Of all the lustres that a court could give.

MAY'S OLD COUPLE.

I have already told you of the attention we experienced on entering Scotland; here we had a fresh instance of it from a quarter we did not expect. Hearing of some gentlemen being arrived at Taymouth, Lord Breadalbane, who is an elderly man, sent his compliments by his park-keeper, with a present of some game which he had sent him out on purpose to procure, and with an apology that the keeper's success had not been greater. This politeness we acknowledged as it deserved: the next day, however, a fresh supply of venison, moor-game, and fruit, made its appearance; and shortly after, a gentleman of consideration in the country, and intimately acquainted with his Lordship, paid us a visit, and went round the improvements as our conductor. This being over, we dined together, and on taking our leave in the evening, received an abundance of civility from our new acquaintance, an unaffected apology for not being able to ac-

company us on the road, and to entertain us at his own house, which was distant about sixteen miles; but as that was out of his power, from the intervention of some unexpected business, he insisted upon a positive assurance, that in case of not being well accommodated at the inn nearest to his house, we should pass over to his seat, and take possession of it for any length of time we should think proper. This kindness we thanked him for with all imaginable sincerity: the inns, however, we found tolerably good; so that we were not compelled to trespass on his friendly intentions towards us.

But disinterestedness is not exclusively confined to the better sort; the poor even share it in this country, and, according to their humble means, are as anxious to shew their hospitality and friendship, as those of the amplest extent of fortune. Many Highlanders would be offended at the offer of a reward;

reward; accept of their services, appear satisfied, and they are usuriously repaid for every thing they can do for you; nay, what is more surprising, this extends itself to many of the lowest servants; one of whom, from Lord Breadalbaine, having been pressed to accept of an instance of our thanks for bringing us the viands I have mentioned, flew out of the house with all imaginable trepidation, resolutely declining the offer, and seemingly hurt that he should be supposed capable of accepting a pecuniary gratification.

From Taymouth we continued along the northern side of the Loch, in our way passing by innumerable falls and cataracts which constantly feed it, and thence, crossing a river, arrived at Killin, at the western extremity of the lake. It being late in the evening when we left Taymouth, the night had far encroached upon us when we had got half way; the moon, however,

shone with unusual resplendency; the air was perfectly calm and unruffled; the lake was transparent as a mirror; not a cloud obtruded on the sight: all wore, in short, the appearance of harmony and peace. In this manner, surrounded by the most charming and heart-felt objects of the creation, and serenely riding along, a voice suddenly aroused us, chanting a love-lorn song to the bright mistress of the night. Most of the company being in carriages, another gentleman and myself, with our servants, stopped immediately before the place whence the sound proceeded: here we found a young damsel of about seventeen, two little boys reclining themselves on the grass beside her, and a few harmless kine, charmed as it were, with music, listening with earnestness behind. The sight was bewitching: innocence taught her not to be afraid; she continued her song, and seemed to be inspired the more she saw that we were pleased with her exertions: native goodness

is

is sweetly winning and attractive. We instantly accosted her in terms of kindness and affection; she answered in the same tone. The labour of the evening at an end, (she told us) she and her brothers had strayed to this spot; her cows had followed her: weariness had prompted them to repose; gratitude, however, was due, and that gratitude she was paying to the Author of her being. "But indeed," says she, "I will not tell you more; neither will I continue with my song, unless you oblige me, and drink a little milk; the only refreshment I have to offer." The request was too courteous to be evaded; the heart-strings vibrated at the touch. We unhesitatingly complied, and emptied the vessel which she presented to us. "Now then," says she, "I will sing for you." Thus saying, she turned to the cow that was nearest to her, and placing herself at its side, began an air that almost fixt

us to the spot: the night was, however, stealing on apace; her parents expected her home; she therefore arose, and blest us. Our warmest wishes of affection flew in fervency after her; she soon was out of sight. All that we had, therefore, (for she, with a mixture of anger and good-humour, shrunk from the offer of reward) was silently to withdraw, and from our souls to deprecate comfort on the head of so harmless and so benevolent a being.

Quitting Killin the next morning, first having taken a retrospective view of Loch Tay, we crossed a river which empties itself into the loch, and passing by the ancient and venerable burying-place of the Macnabs, and through a wild and mountainous country, came to Taindrum, where we halted, and thence to Daulmally, in the shire of Glenorchy. Our visit here was chiefly intended to Mr. M——, the minister

minister of the place, a gentleman of erudition, and one from whom we were given to understand we should receive convincing proofs of the authenticity of the celebrated poems of Ossian. With respect to the antiquity of those wonderful flights of genius we had no reason whatsoever to hesitate in our belief. Mr. Macpherson, the translator, and one whom we are proud to list among our friends, had frequently told us they were indisputably the works of that bard ; that for himself, he had no other merit than in the translation, and here and there in keeping up the unity of the piece. From Mr. M—— we had a corroborating testimony : his language was, “ I believe most sincerely “ those poems to be genuine ; many of “ them, from an acquaintance with the “ subject, I am convinced to be so ; nor “ have I the least doubt with respect to the “ others.” Neither did he confine himself to a mere *ipse dixit*, but in brief gave us an account of the manner in which he

He knew Mrs Macpherson had procured a knowledge of some of the most celebrated passages. Thus satisfied by this reverend personage, we took our leave, first having received from him in a present the following version of an Erse poem, the labour of himself, or of a friend.

CATHLA VA.

“ *Ornan*, Thou sittest by thine one grey
 “ stone; Son of Arar, thy harp lies silent
 “ by thy side: why dost thou not praise
 “ the departed? Around thee they hover
 “ as clouds, about the place of their rest;
 “ but no voice is heard but the whistling
 “ trees, and murmuring brook. Why so
 “ silent, Son of Arar, when the sons of
 “ fame are around thee?
 “ *Son of Arar*, Thou knowest the fame
 “ of the departed *Ornan*; the deeds of
 “ other times teem on thy soul. Take
 “ thou

"thou the harp, and let the bard of youth
 "hear the song, that he may pour its
 "light on future times; lest their name
 "be forgot on their hills, when thy harp
 "is hung in thy silent hall, and thy voice
 "of music cease, like the murmurs of the
 "evening breeze that die away in the
 "silence of night.

"Orran. My voice shall cease, and my
 "harp, ere long, shall be silent; but
 "their fame shall not be forgotten. Thou
 "mayest listen to their praise, and leave
 "it to the bards that come behind thee.

"On these hills lived Dumor of Spears,
 "his daughter of beauty moved graceful
 "on his hills, and her harp was the joy
 "of his hall. Lava saw the maid and
 "loved her. His arm was strong in the
 "wars of Dumor. He promised him the
 "fair Sulmina; but the maid refused his
 "love, and gave her heart to Ronnan.

" Ronnan,

"Ronnan, of the fair hair and mildest
 "look, whose dwelling stood by the
 "stream of Struthorman. He heard of
 "Sulmina's grief, and sent his scout to
 "bring her to his hills. She went with
 "the son of night; but Lava met them
 "on the lonely heath. An oak, and a
 "thousand thongs confine the scout; a
 "dark-wombed ship receives the maid.
 "Loud were her cries as they bounded
 "over the ridgy waves—Ronnan, relieve
 "me; O Ronnan, relieve thy love!—
 "But he hears thee not, hapless maid;
 "by the side of a stream he sits thinking
 "thou dost come.

"What detains thee, Sulmina, so long?
 "what keeps my love from the place of
 "her promise? I listen, but hear not the
 "tread of her foot; 'tis but the breeze
 "rustling in the withered leaf. Long is
 "the night without thee, my love. Why
 "stand you still, ye stars of Heaven?

"Have

" Have you forgot to run your course, or
 " are you like me, waiting for your loves?
 " But the night is long, why dost thou
 " forget to rise, sun of the morning?
 " Why dost thou sleep so long in thy se-
 " cret chambers? Ah, I know it, thou
 " hast met with thy Sulmina, for I see
 " her not in the heavens. You are toge-
 " ther, fair lights, and the night seems
 " short to you; but it is long, long to
 " me, without my own beloved. Lift
 " thy head, sun of the morning, and
 " shine on Sulmina; lighten my love to
 " the place of her promise.

" The morning came at length, but
 " brought not his beloved. He saw a
 " cloud rise before him. It had the form
 " of Sulmina. He ran to grasp it, but a
 " blast came and passed through its airy
 " limbs. It vanished; Ronnan feared the
 " sign, and went to the aged Senar.

“ Under

“ Under the awful shade of his oak he
 “ stands, leaning on a staff; his head of
 “ age stoops to the ground, his grey locks
 “ hang down his breast, and his dim eyes
 “ are fixed on the earth; but his soul is
 “ mixed with the spirits of air, and his
 “ converse is with ghosts.

“ ‘ What see’st thou of my love,’ said
 “ Ronnan, ‘ what see’st thou of Sulmina?’
 “ ‘ I see,’ said the aged, ‘ a youth tied to
 “ an oak. A vessel rides the wave; Sul-
 “ mina pours her voice on the sea. Her
 “ cries are loud in mine ear.’ ‘ Sad is
 “ thy tale to me,’ said Ronnan. ‘ Thou
 “ hast not heard it all,’ said Senar.

“ Mournful the chief retired; with his
 “ spear he struck the boss of his shield.
 “ His youths heard the sound, and we
 “ poured from all our hills to the stream
 “ of our chief. We passed the night in
 “ silence,

“ silence, for great was the grief of Ron-
 “ nan. No harp was heard ; no feast
 “ was spread ; no oak gave its glimmer-
 “ ing light. But cold, drooping, and
 “ dark, we sat, till day arose in the east.
 “ With morning we rushed to the deep,
 “ and with night found our host on the
 “ shore of Lava. Dark and cold was that
 “ night, Son of Arar, and unsheltered was
 “ the place of our rest in the land of stran-
 “ gers. The obscured stars were seen at
 “ times through their parted clouds.—
 “ Some observed their colour of blood,
 “ and feared the sign ; frequent was the
 “ howling of ghosts, and many heard the
 “ spirits of their fathers lamenting the
 “ approaching fall of their children.

“ Ronnan sat by a mossy stone, leaning
 “ on the shields of his fathers. I sang at
 “ times the tales of old, and the deeds of
 “ his father, when he fought on the coast
 “ of Ullin, with Commar of many hills.

“ ‘ Cease,’

“ Cease,” said the chief, “ thy song, till
 “ the day shall light me to Lava; for my
 “ wrath against his race is kindled at the
 “ mention of the wars of Ullin. It was
 “ there his father pursued the deer of our
 “ hills, and sought my early death, when
 “ I could not lift up the sword to defend
 “ me. One of his men had pity on my
 “ youth, and saved me; but our arms are
 “ still in his halls, for my father did not
 “ live to demand them. The race of
 “ Lava has always been our foes. How
 “ long shall we let them go unpunished?
 “ But what low and broken voice is that
 “ from the heath? Dost thou not see that
 “ aged warrior drawing near us? A little
 “ boy leads that hand which was wont to
 “ hold the massy shield, and the spear
 “ now formed into a staff, supports the
 “ other. Every little rill stops his pace,
 “ and the lowly heath causeth his feeble
 “ knees to stumble. Who art thou, aged
 “ wanderer of the night; and why so late

“ on

“ on the lonely heath? Hast thou too lost
 “ the delight of thy soul, or hast thou
 “ cause of grief like me?”

“ *Old Man.* ‘ I thought I heard a voice.
 “ Thou knowest, my child, the voice of
 “ thy father; was it not he calling to me
 “ to follow him to the place of his re-
 “ pose?’ ”

“ *Youth.* ‘ No, my father’s voice was
 “ sweet like thine own; and you know he
 “ would come to meet thee, and call me,
 “ as he was wont, his little hero. No;
 “ I will lead you home again, for these
 “ are strangers, though they have arms
 “ like my father’s.’ ”

“ *Old Man.* ‘ And dost thou see their
 “ arms? Then they are sent by Lava to
 “ seek our lives. To mine they are wel-
 “ come; but canst thou fly, my child?
 “ No, thou canst not; and if thou couldst,

“ it

“ it were base. No, the place is good,
 “ my child; are we not at the tomb of
 “ thy father? let them open it, and we
 “ ourselves will lie in it.”

“ *Ronnan.* ‘Peace be to the aged!’ said
 “ Ronnan, as he took him by the hand.
 “ ‘We are not come from Lava, neither
 “ are we of his friends. But rest thou
 “ here, and tell the cause of thy grief, and
 “ our arms shall defend thee.’”

“ *Old Man.* ‘And here I will rest; it is
 “ the clay-cold dwelling of my son, and
 “ I am come with his only child to mourn
 “ over it. How silent under this peace-
 “ ful stone art thou now, my son, that
 “ wast wont to roar thro’ the storm of
 “ battle! Thy tongue of music, how is
 “ it become mute, and thy arm of strength
 “ is stiff and cold as the clods that lie be-
 “ side it! But one sun has run his course,
 “ since thou didst rejoice like him in thy
 “ strength;

" strength, and gladden the eager eyes of
 " thy father. Like him too, darkness,
 " thick darkness, hath now obscured thy
 " face. Yet his light shall return, and
 " he will again rejoice. But, when shall
 " thy long, long night be over? When
 " shall the slumberer of the tomb arise
 " from his dark and silent dwelling? You
 " weep, strangers, for my son; I know
 " you are not come from Lava. Mourn
 " then with me his untimely fall; for he
 " was brave, and, like yourselves, he was
 " kind and generous.

" *Ronnan.* 'Mourn for him we do,'
 " said Ronnan; 'but why is he fallen so
 " soon; was it by the hand of gloomy
 " Lava?'

" *Old Man.* 'It was, and for no fault
 " but friendship. But in this my son was
 " like his fathers. It was the mark of
 " our race, that we stood up, though alone,

“ to defend the friendless. When I was
“ strong in my arms of youth, as the te-
“ nant of this tomb was late, I attended
“ the father of Lava, when he took the
“ spoils from the halls of Struthorman.
“ My words were loud against him, for
“ the heroes were absent, and there were
“ none to oppose him. One child indeed
“ there was, who scarce could wield a
“ little arrow like a spear: yet, what
“ could he more? he heaved it against
“ the foe; the blunt end of the harmless
“ weapon fell on the foot of Fuarar. The
“ gloomy chief turned his eye upon the
“ child, and said, ‘ Hereafter this youth
“ may raise a more dangerous spear against
“ us; let us carry him away, and leave
“ him on that desert isle, where we wait
“ for the morning.’ We came to the isle,
“ but my soul was grieved for the helpless
“ boy; he admired the brightness of my
“ arms, clung fast to my knee, smiled
“ in my face, and called me father. My
“ heart

" heart melted for his fate, and my secret
 " tears fell on his yellow locks. I took
 " him in my arms, tho' night, and car-
 " ried him through the waves to his weep-
 " ing mother. She gave me this spear,
 " and called the name of her child Ron-
 " nan*; but since I have not heard of
 " Struthorman, or of the young and
 " lovely Ronnan, till Lava came from
 " the wars of Dumor, and told the mourn-
 " ful maid that loved him, that he left
 " her Ronnan wounded by the stream of
 " his land. My son knew my friendship
 " for Ronnan, and wished he were near to
 " lift the spear of Struthorman in defence
 " of the first that owned it. His words
 " came to Lava's ear, and his people ga-
 " thered round my son at the feast, when
 " his sword was hung in the hall, and his
 " shield secured by him. This grave may

* Rothonnan, through waves; alluding to the
 manner of his deliverance.

“ tell the rest. Mark it, strangers; and
 “ when you pass, shed a tear above it,
 “ and tell it is the tomb of Lamor, and
 “ of his father, for I shall soon be laid in
 “ it; but if ye know the friends of Ron-
 “ nan, carry my child to them, that they
 “ may defend him, and give them this
 “ spear, for they shall know it.”

“ The sigh burst from the heart of our
 “ chief; he fell on the neck of the aged,
 “ and told him he was Ronnan. Their
 “ mingled tears fell in a shower on the
 “ grave of Lamor, as they embraced each
 “ other in silent joy. But what noise is
 “ that, like the fullen murmurs of a
 “ stream, when the storm is going to
 “ burst on the hills? It is the foe with
 “ their numerous host, their steel faintly
 “ glimmers to the dawn of the morning.
 “ Ronnan heard the song of battle, and
 “ the joy of his countenance returned.
 “ He struck his shield, and his heroes at

“ once

“ once gathered behind him. As the spi-
 “ rit of night moves with the collected
 “ blast of heaven in his course, when he
 “ prepares to pour his force on the groves
 “ of Ardour, so Ronnan led; so follow-
 “ ed his heroes. The noise of battle
 “ spread on every side, and the songs of
 “ war are heard. Ronnan espies the
 “ gloomy Lava, and Lava sees the rage
 “ of Ronnan. Toward each other they
 “ bend their course with thousands be-
 “ hind.

“ Thou hast seen two black rocks rol-
 “ ling from opposite hills to meet in the
 “ valley below, a cloud of smoke rises
 “ behind, and follows the tract of each.
 “ Such was the onset of battle. Swords
 “ clash, and shields resound. Heads and
 “ helmets fall; blood runs in a thousand
 “ streams, and the spirits of fallen he-
 “ roes ascend on its thin airy smoke.
 “ But who can tell the strife of battle?

“ Ronnan and Lava met. They strove
 “ like two eagles of heaven when they
 “ contend for the prey on the brow of
 “ Ardven. From side to side they bound
 “ and spring, and pour death in streams
 “ from their steel. But see, Lava stoops
 “ on his knee; his shield supports the
 “ half-fallen chief, and his arm can scarce
 “ uplift the sword. ‘Yield,’ said Ron-
 “ nan, ‘thy sword, and restore Sulmina;
 “ I seek not the death of my foes, when
 “ their arm is weak.’—‘Yield, I must,’
 “ Lava replied, ‘for my blood is shed,
 “ and I feel my life departing. Sulmina
 “ must be thine. She rests in her secret
 “ cave, near the blue course of a stream
 “ behind that towering rock. But let her
 “ raise my tomb in this plain; for she
 “ was the love of Lava the unhappy.’—
 “ He ceased; he sunk on his shield, and
 “ his people fled. Ronnan bade us spare
 “ them in their flight, as he swift ascen-
 “ ded the rock to find the place of Sul-
 “ mina,

"mina. The blue stream he found, and
 "the cave on its winding bank; but no
 "Sulmina was there. Where art thou,
 "O Sulmina? My love, it is thy Ron-
 "nan calls thee! He called; but only
 "the rocks and echoing bank answered
 "to his cries. At length the mournful
 "howling of his dog was heard among
 "the fallen foe. Thither he turned, and
 "found Sulmina. She had rushed to the
 "battle to see her Ronnan; but a wan-
 "dering arrow came and pierced her
 "snowy breast: the sparkling light of
 "her eye was dim, and the rose of her
 "cheek was faded. Ronnan, pale like
 "her own breathless corpse, fell on her
 "neck, and vented in deep mourns his
 "heart-felt anguish. Sulmina half open-
 "ed her heavy eyes, but spoke not; she
 "closed them again in peaceful silence,
 "well pleased to see her Ronnan. He
 "brought her over the waves in his ship,
 "and here we raised her mournful tomb.

"Here too rests the youthful Roman,
 "whose arm was once so strong! Mourn-
 "ful and sad, his days were few on the
 "hill. He did not long survive his be-
 "loved. Under that moss-clad stone he
 "was laid, where grows the rustling
 "grass, beside his Sulmina. Often when
 "I set here to the glimmering light of the
 "moon, I see their faint forms on its
 "beams, and raise the song in praise of
 "their deeds. Why art thou so silent,
 "Son of Arar, when the children of
 "fame are around thee?"

Thus you see a degree of sublimity runs
 through the productions of all these nor-
 thern bards. Ossian is not supposed the
 author of this poem. Mr. M—— gives
 it to a later muse; one who flourished
 probably in the twelfth or thirteenth cen-
 tury. Before we left Daulmally we paid
 our respects to the church yard, in order
 to see some curious sculptured stones,
 brought

brought from the island of Icolmkill, or Iona, "The sacred storehouse and guardian of the royal bones of Scotland," as Shakespeare calls it; and the place where, when Christianity was first introduced into Britain, its preachers retired, and instructed their pupils, whom they afterwards scattered abroad as missionaries through Scotland and Ireland. But the whole was mystery to us. Rudely engraved, the characters in general hieroglyphical; some indeed Celtic, but too much defaced for even adepts in that language to understand. But a little pebble, brought from the same place, and given to me by the minister, is a gift of inestimable value: this stone, in every respect similar to a cat's eye, is, in the opinion of the Highlanders, of wonderful efficacy, not only in this, but in the life to come. For, as it were is to work as a charm against all evil, so it is in the silent tomb

to

to free me from witchcraft—a power worse than purgatory itself.

Guarded then in this manner, though not so invulnerably as the Grecian hero, off we set for Loch-Awe, along whose beautiful banks, (the sun then setting in all its glory) with its little islets and high surrounding hills, reflecting their charming images in its purple-tinted wave, we delighted took our way. On this road we did not continue long; turning to the left, we struck off for Inverary; in our route ridiculously experiencing an instance of that curiosity for which the Highlanders are as much celebrated, as for their kindness and civility.

A poor fellow driving along his cart upon a steep bank, and having a newspaper in his hand, probably very old, as it was very torn, never once adverting to

us,

us, who were passing by, nor to the situation he was in himself, greedily kept poring over the paper until cart and all, gradually declining, at length lodged their contents at the bottom of the hill. Neither could this accident divert him from his purpose; for no sooner was he replaced in his former position, than to it he fell again, and as eagerly attended to the subject of his contemplation, as if his very existence had depended on it.

Inverary, the next place we came to, is situated on Loch-Fine, or rather on an arm of the sea, within sixty miles of the Western Ocean, and is the county town of that name. Adjoining to it stands the park and castle of the Duke of Argyle; the former extensive, well stocked with deer, and surrounded for thirty miles by a wall; and the latter, though very large, both heavy and inelegant. Altogether, however,

however, it must be confessed, the situation is grand and magnificent. Heretofore the loch was remarkable for the great quantity of herrings which were annually caught in it, sometimes not less than eight hundred boats being reckoned at a time on that service. But now the fisherman's "Occupation is gone:" the herrings have all deserted; nor has there been a single boat load taken for some years past.

Deluged with rain almost the whole year round, his Grace of Argyle, as we were told, is obliged to firew some of his meadows with tarpaulins to dry his hay; and in harvest time to range his sheaves of corn upon pegs, in granaries erected on purpose, and there to let them ripen with air, instead of sunshine.

From Inverary, passing through a country as wild as ever nature formed; rocks
piled

piled on rocks, and mountains nodding to a fall, and yet scattered to their tops with fleecy tribes, we at length came to Tarbet, situate on the eastern extremity of Loch-Lomond. Before we came to Tarbet, and on descending a craggy hill, we observed a curious seat, most charitably hewn in the rock; the inscription on it—

Rest and be thankful.

Made in 1748,

And repaired

By the 23d Regiment

In 1768.

Loch-Lomond, the largest in Scotland, and consequently in Great Britain, is beautiful beyond description. From Tarbet, proceeding along its banks, nothing can be more charming and picturesque. This very celebrated and extensive lake contains seventeen thousand eight hundred

acres

acres of fresh water; its depth being from twenty and forty fathoms, to one hundred and twenty fathoms. The south end is twenty-two feet above the level of the sea, and is five miles distant from the river Clyde, into which the large river Leven, which comes out of the lake, discharges itself. The islands here and there interspersed are exceedingly beautiful and magnificent; in number about thirty, and produce a vast variety of trees and shrubs, particularly very large elms and crabs, with different kinds of grain. Many animals and birds are likewise found, such as deer, eagles, hawks, &c. And in the lake are surprising quantities of fish of different kinds, salmon in particular. It is thirty miles in length, and nine miles at its greatest breadth. The following, however, from an itinerary poet, describes these things better than I can:—

“Stranger,

" Stranger, if o'er this pane of glass perchance
 " Thy roving eye should cast a casual glance ;
 " If taste for grandeur and the dread sublime
 " Prompt thee Bin Lomond's fearful height to climb,
 " Here give attention ; — nor with scorn refuse
 " The friendly rhymings of a tavern muse.
 " For thee that muse this rude inscription plann'd,
 " Prompted for thee her humble poet's hand,
 " Heed thou the poet : he thy steps shall lead
 " Safe o'er yon tow'ring hill's aspiring head ;
 " Attentive then, to this informing lay,
 " Read how he dictates as he points the way :
 " Trust not at first, a quick, advent'rous pace ;
 " Six miles its top, points gradual from the base,
 " Up the high rise, with panting haste I pass'd,
 " And gain'd the long laborious steep at last.
 " More prudent thou, when once you pass the deep,
 " With measur'd pace, and slow, ascend the lengthen'd steep ;
 " Oft stay thy steps, oft taste the cordial drop,
 " And rest, oh ! rest, long rest upon the top :
 " Here hail the breezes, nor with toilsome haste,
 " Down the rough slope, thy precious vigour waste,
 " So shall thy wand'ring sight at once survey
 " Vales, lakes, woods, mountains, islands, rocks, and sea ;
 " Huge hills, that heap'd in crowned order stand,
 " Stretch'd o'er the northern and the western land,
 " Vast lumpy groups, where Bin, who often throwds
 " His loftier summit in a veil of clouds,
 " High o'er the rest displays superior state,
 " In proud pre-eminence, sublimely great,
 " One side all awful to the gazing eye,
 " Presents a steep three hundred fathoms high,
 " The scene tremendous, shocks the startled sense,
 " With all the pomp of dread magnificence.
 " All these, and more, shalt thou transported see,
 " And own a faithful monitor in me."

At

At the north-east extremity of the loch, and nearly at the foot of Bin Lomond, which, by the bye, is one of the highest mountains in the Highlands, stands Rob-roy's Prison; so called from a rock at the bottom of a tremendous hill, on which the Macgreggors in former times used to drop those of their clan, who were guilty of capital offences, and where the culprits either perished from want of food, or from the lake, in which, from despair, they plunged themselves. And at the south-east end of it is the spot where the Macgreggors and Colquhuns fought, in which the latter were almost totally destroyed, and which is also rendered dreadfully remarkable by the following event: Thirty-six young men of the college of Dumbarton, and of the best families in Scotland, planted themselves on the hill to observe the combat: apprehensive for their safety, the Macgreggors, or rather their chief, went to the young students, and,

and, fearful of their suffering from their curiosity, put them into a barn, under the care of a person of his own clan, with orders, it is said, to treat them with the utmost tenderness and care; but this wretch, however instigated, or for what even purpose, inhumanly butchered the whole party; calling them out one by one, and stabbing them with his dirk or poniard. To wipe off this bloody stain from the clan, the miscreant was punished by the Macgreggors themselves with death. But this was not sufficient: the circumstance appeared so black, that they were, to a man, proscribed, their estates confiscated, and the name blotted from the records of the kingdom. They have since, indeed, been restored to their name by act of parliament, and released from any farther persecution by legislative authority.

Scattered on either side of this beautiful lake are several seats belonging to noblemen and gentlemen of the country, especially one, the property of the Duke of Montrose, not far distant from the Grampian Hills; and on the islands likewise, so exquisitely clad in the sweetest charms of nature, are still the ivy-mantled remains of former superstition. About midway, on the margin, stands a neat and pretty village; here we embarked in a boat, and sending our horses and carriages round, rowed to the southernmost end of the loch, where we disembarked, and proceeded towards Dumbarton, passing by a monumental pillar, inscribed to the memory of Smollet, on the banks of the Leven, whose beauty he celebrates in the following stanzas:—

“ On Leven’s banks, while free to rove,

“ And tune the rural pipe to love,

“ I envied not the happiest swain

“ That ever trod th’ Arcadian plain.

“ Pure

" Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave
 " My youthful limbs I went to lave ;
 " No torrents stain thy limpid source,
 " No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 " That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 " With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;
 " While lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
 " In myriads cleave thy chrystal flood ;
 " The springing trout in speckled pride,
 " The salmon, monarch of the tide,
 " The ruthless pike, intent on war,
 " The silver eel, and mottled par,
 " Devolving from thy parent lake,
 " A charming maze thy waters make,
 " By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 " And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
 " Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
 " May numerous flocks and herds be seen,
 " And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 " And shepherds piping in the dale ;
 " And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 " And industry imbrown'd with toil,
 " And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
 " The blessings they enjoy to guard."

Nothing is remarkable at Dumbarton,
 except the castle, situate on the Clyde,
 upon a lofty and singular heap of rocks,
 and affording an extensive and variegated
 prospect. From Dumbarton, (whence

Q²

the

the remains of the Roman wall are still visible, and near which the Grampian Hills begin, that run north east as far as Aberdeen) ranging through a highly-cultivated country, rendered more charming by its contrast with the Highlands, which we had just parted with, we continued to the city of Glasgow. This town, however it may be classed with respect to Edinburgh, the metropolis, is certainly superior to it: the situation is better, the houses are more elegantly built, and the streets are as broad and as clean as almost any in Great Britain. The university, too, is a fairer-looking building than that of Edinburgh; nor has it been less famous for the great men whom it has produced.

The general who finally established the dominion of the Romans in this island, was Julius Agricola, who governed it in the reigns of Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian,

mitian, and distinguished himself in that scene of action. He formed a regular plan for subduing Britain, and rendering the acquisition useful to the conquerors. He carried his victorious arms northwards, defeated the Britons in every encounter, pierced into the inaccessible forests and mountains of Caledonia, reduced every state to subjection in the southern parts of the island, and chased before him all the men of fiercer and more intractable spirits, who deemed war, and death itself, less intolerable than servitude under the victors. He even defeated them in a decisive action, which they fought under Calgacus their leader; and having fixed a chain of garrisons between the Firths of Clyde and Forth, he thereby cut off the ruder and more barren parts of the island, and secured the Roman province from the incursions of the barbarous inhabitants. Lollius Urbicus, under Anto-

ninus Pius, erected a rampart in the place where Agricola first established his garrisons. The Romans bid a final adieu to Britain about the year 448, after being masters of the more considerable part of it during the course of near four centuries,

A few miles from Glasgow stands the celebrated iron foundery, called Carron. This place is wonderful to a stranger. How far the powers of mechanism can go in the great style, is here tremendously displayed: hell itself seems open to one's view; nor do the bellows afford a less horrid noise than the yelling of all the infernal deities put together. But I will not aim at a description: from sight and hearing alone they can be understood.

Hence we continued to Edinburgh, where we rested ourselves, and reflected
with

with no small degree of gratitude and satisfaction on the pleasures we had received during our Highland journey.

fore the coming of the Romans, being
according to our ancient chronicles, built
by a King named Luel, or Lugbul;

LETTER XXIV.

whence it was first by the Old Britons
Caer Luel, or Luel's city. It is encom-
passed on the north side by the river Eden, October 1778.

QUITTING our fellow-travellers; we
left Edinburgh, and proceeded through
Katho, a neat and pretty town, situate on the
Tweed, and thence, through a rich corn
country, part of it, indeed, mountainous
and barren to Carlisle, leaving Netherley,
a seat of Lord Graham, on the left.
The castle of Carlisle, is old and ruinous:
it was taken by the Rebels in 1745, but
was afterwards re-taken by the Duke of
Cumberland. The cathedral is spacious,
but inelegant, and built of a red free-
stone, which gives it an indifferent ap-
pearance; nothing is done to strengthen it with a garrison
raised it to the dignity of an episcopal
- The castle stands on the north-west side
of the city, which, it is said, existed be-

fore the coming of the Romans, being, according to our ancient chronicles, built by a King named Luel, or Lugbul; whence it was stiled by the Old Britons Caer Luel, or Luel's city. It is encompassed on the north side by the river Eden, on the east by the Petterel, and on the west by the Gande. Probably a spot so strong by nature, was not destitute of a fortress during the time of the Romans, when, as appears from the many inscriptions and ancient utensils dug up hereabouts, Carlisle was a place of much estimation; but the present castle was the work of William Rufus, built about the year 1093, two hundred years after the city had been destroyed by the Danes. Henry I. is said to have increased the fortifications of the city, and to have strengthened it with a garrison; he also raised it to the dignity of an episcopal see, granting it many privileges and immunities, with intention to render it strong

and populous, it being an important barrier against the incursions of the Scots.

From Carlisle we proceeded to Penrith, the eminence above which affords one of the richest prospects in the kingdom. The church of Penrith is a handsome new building, well galleried, and ornamented in the modern stile. The pillars supporting the gallery are remarkable, in so small a place, being formed of a single stone each, ten feet four inches high. In the church yard is a curious monument, apparently of antiquity. Two pillars are placed in a direction east and west, distant from each other fifteen feet; at each side of the tomb two stones are fixed, with an edge upwards, of a semicircular form; these side stones do not at present shew any marks of the sculptor, though some have conjectured they represented boars. The pillars are of one piece, formed like ancient spears, and about ten feet

feet in height; the shafts are round for about seven feet high, above which they run into a square, and appear to have terminated in a point; where the square point commences, are the remains of a narrow belt of ornamental frize work. Antiquarians have differed much with respect to this singular monument. The most natural conjecture is, that some British warrior has been interred here; the custom of placing pillars at the head and foot of sepulchres, according to some historians, being of ancient date. Bishop Lyttleton says, it is undoubtedly a sepulchral monument; but whether British, Roman, Saxon, or Danish, he knows not. About thirteen yards distant from this grave is another monument. It is six feet high, fourteen inches broad at the bottom, contracting to ten inches upwards, and the circle of the cross eighteen inches in diameter. What relation or connection this pillar has with the other is not determined;

terminated; although it is significantly called the Giant's Thumb, as the other is his place of rest. Learned people say, it is undoubtedly an antient cross, whose base is sunk into the earth. For my own part, I cannot see the propriety of this conjecture; on the contrary, it seems as if destined for an instrument of punishment, a kind of pillory or stocks, where the arms could be run through, or what Hudibras would call "the Bilboes." Whatever it was it is now no matter: it heretofore has afforded an ample field for speculation; and if the world does not alter greatly for the better, it certainly will continue so to do, until the end of the chapter. Just without the town stands the castle: doubts have arisen about this likewise. It is certainly very old; what farther it has in its favour, I will not pretend to say.

About

About half a mile from Penrith stands Arthur's round table. This is said to be of great antiquity; but there is no tradition when, by whom, or for what purpose it was made: it is cut in a little plain near the river, of an exact circular figure, save to the eastern and western sides where an approach is left to the common level of the plain. The trench by which it is formed, is near ten paces wide; the soil that has been thrown up on the outward side making a kind of theatre. The whole circle within the ditch is one hundred and sixty paces. Some antiquarians have supposed it was a place where criminals were exposed; others that it was an intrenchment or fortified camp; and others a titling ground; whichever of the accounts is right I know not. Suffice it that it would serve for either.

About

About half a mile distant from this stands Maybrough: a place evidently of druidical worship. It is situate on the flat surface of an inconsiderable hill; having one large stone immediately in the center, eleven feet high, and near its middle twenty-two feet in circumference. Around this plain an uncemented wall is continued in an exact circle. Formerly the whole of this place was covered with oak, and other trees of considerable bulk: they are now totally destroyed, saving some few saplings which lie scattered up and down.

Leaving this place we proceeded to Lowther hall, a seat belonging to the baronet of that name. Lowther hall is not any thing very extraordinary. The grounds are unimproved; the house is indifferent, and the roads in so bad a condition, that a carriage stands a good chance of being shattered at every foot it is moved. The manufactory, however,
of

of carpeting at this place, patronized immediately by Sir James himself, and founded for the relief of between twenty and thirty orphans, whom he constantly maintains, is worthy of attention, and does honour to his humanity. The style of this work is in imitation of the Gobelins tapestry. The colours are fine and glowing, and were it more generally encouraged, it might possibly in time arrive at an equal degree of perfection. None of this manufacture is sold at Lowther hall where it is made. The overseer told us he had strict injunctions on that head; but that he had the permission of Sir James to execute any commission which might be given him.

Quitting Lowther hall, we returned to Penrith, and thence proceeding along the beautiful windings of the Emont, which flows through the vale of that name, and passing by the hill Dunmorlet, covered to
its

its very summit with oak and evergreens, we at length arrived at the lake of Uls, commonly called Uls-water. This lake, surrounded entirely by wild hills, saving the margents, which are well cultivated, and in many places planted with wood, is nine miles long, and about one mile over at its greatest width. The different views which the serpentine curvatures of the lake afford, are highly picturesque, especially towards its extremity. About the centre of the lake, a small piece of land juts wildly out, on which Mr. Robinson has erected a house, whence he has a delightful and most romantic prospect.

From Uls-water we proceeded towards Kefwick, and within two miles of the town came to a druidical place of worship. This monument is placed on a plain formed on the summit of a hill; it is composed of stones of various forms, natural and unhewn; they seem to have been

been collected from the surface, but from what lands it is hard to conjecture, most of them being (what is uncommon there) a species of granite. The stones are fifty in number, set in a form not exactly circular, the diameter being thirty paces from east to west, and thirty two from north to south; at the eastern end, a small inclosure is formed within the circle by ten stones, making an oblong square, in conjunction with the stones of that side of the circle, seven paces in length and three in width within. Mr. Pennant, speaking of this monument says, "That which distinguishes it from all other druidical remains of the like nature is the rectangular recess on the east side of the area, that place probably having been allotted for the druids, the priests of the place, a sort of holy of holies, where they met, separated from the vulgar, to perform their rites, divinations,

“tions, and all such other matters as
“came within their secret jurisdiction.”

From this monument we immediately
opened the fertile and celebrated vale of
Kefwick, girt by hills, and enriched by
the highest cultivation. The town is
situate on the confines of the lake.

Derwentwater, as it is called, has long
been esteemed the most beautiful lake of
any in England, and for its size it is pro-
bably deserving the eulogium. To labour
at its description is, however, needless.
Many pens have already been employed
on that subject: mine, therefore, shall
confine itself to a transcript, which,
making allowances for the exuberance of
fancy, will exhibit a plain and not ex-
aggerated picture. The poet's name I
forget.

“To Nature's pride,

“Sweet Kefwick's vale, the muse will guide;

“The

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"The muse who trod th' enchanted ground,

"Who sail'd the wond'rous lake around;

"With you will haste once more to hail

"The beauteous brook of Borrodale.

"From savage parents gentle stream;

"Be thou the muse's favourite theme;

"O soft, insinuating, glide

"Silent along the meadow's side;

"Smooth o'er the sandy bottom pass,

"Resplendent all through fluid glass,

"Unless upon thy yielding breast,

"Their heads the painted lilies rest,

"To where, in deep capacious bed,

"The widely liquid lake is spread.

"Let other streams rejoice to roar

"Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore;

"Rush, raving on, with boist'rous sweep,

"And foaming rend the frightened deep.

"Thy gentle genius shrinks away,

"From such a rude unequal fray;

"Thro' thy own native dale, where rise

"Tremendous rocks amid the strict,

"Thy waves with patience slowly wind,

"Till they the smoothest channel find;

"Soften the horrors of the scene;

"And, through confusion, flow serene;

"Horrors like these at first alarm,

"But soon with savage grandeur charm,

"And raise to noblest thoughts your mind;

"Thus by thy fall, Lodore, reclin'd

"The craggy cliff, impending wood,

"Where shadows mix o'er half the flood,

"The gloomy clouds with solemn fall,

"Scarce lifted by the languid gale

"O'er the capp'd hill and darken'd vale;

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"The rav'ning kite and bird of Jove,
 "Which round the aerial ocean move,
 "And, floating on the billowy sky,
 "With full expanded pinions fly,
 "There flutt'ring on their bleating prey,
 "Thence with death-dooming eye survey;
 "Channels by rocky torrents torn,
 "Rocks to the lake in thunder borne;
 "Or such as o'er our heads appear,
 "Suspended in the mid career,
 "To start again at his command,
 "Who rules fire, water, air, and land;
 "I view with wonder and delight,
 "A pleasing, though an awful sight,
 "For seen with them, the verdant isles
 "Softened with more delicious smiles;
 "More tempting twine their opening bowers,
 "More lively flow the purple flowers,
 "More smoothly slopes the border gay,
 "In fairer circle bends the bay,
 "And last to fix our wand'ring eyes,
 "Thy roofs, oh Keswick! brighter rise,
 "The lake and lofty hills between,
 "Where giant Skiddow shuts the scene.
 "Supreme of mountains, Skiddow, hail!
 "To whom all Britain sinks a vale!
 "Lo! his imperial brow I see,
 "From foul usurping vapours free!
 "'Twere glorious now," &c.

The length of the lake is not quite four
 miles; its circumference about ten: alto-
 gether it affords a profusion of wild and
 romantic

romantic scenery. Mr. Pennant says, Loch Lomond in Scotland, and Loch Lene (or Killearney) in Ireland, are powerful rivals to the lake in question; and that were a native of either of these kingdoms to demand his opinion of their respective beauties, he would answer as Melvil did Queen Elizabeth, "that she "was the fairest person in England, and "his mistress the fairest in Scotland."

This is a compliment, however, I cannot subscribe to, neither will I to Mr. Cumberland's decision, that Uls-water is superior to them all. Probably the weather was unfavourable, when these gentlemen visited the places which they condemn: this is frequently the case; men are apt to be led away by first impressions. A considerable distance of time, likewise, between the sight of two places, gives the last which is seen a great advantage over the first.

Within a few days I saw both the Uls, Derwentwater, and Loch Lomond, and

that too on the clearest days and with the finest weather; and thus qualified, I cannot refrain from pronouncing, that Loch Lomond is in every respect superior to them both. Nay farther, that Loch Tay, Loch Awe, and even Loch Leven in Scotland, have advantages which neither the Uls nor Derwentwater possess. Pretty well this, you will say, for one who was not born on the northern side of the Tweed.

Within a few miles of Keswick, at a place called Barrowdale, a vein has been discovered of black lead, or what is in that country called wadd. The shaft is now covered with water, so that we could not see it; we, however, got a piece of the mineral. Dr. Campbell, in his Political Survey of Great Britain, speaks of it in the following manner: "Black lead is what some have supposed, with very little reason, to be the Molybdena or Galena of Pliny; others stile it plumb-

" age,

age. Our judicious Camden, in whose days it was a new thing, would not venture to give it a Latin name, but calls it a metallic earth, or hard stony shining substance, which, whether it was the Pingitis or Melanteria of Dioscorides, or an ochre burnt to blackness in the earth, and so unknown to the ancients, he left others to inquire. Dr. Merret, from the use to which it was first applied, named it Ingrica Fabrilis. The learned Boyle is of opinion, that it has not any thing metallic in its nature. It is, indeed, a very singular substance. The sole mine, in which it is found, is in Barrowdale, and those who are best acquainted with it, stile it a black pinguid shining earth, which they suppose to be impregnated with lead and antimony. The working it without any preparation makes it more valuable than the ore of any metal found in this island."

Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

October, 1778.

THE road from Keswick to Ambleside is the most enchanting and picturesque that can be conceived; woods, lawns, and fields girt in by hills, mark it in all its progress. The lake of Thirlmere first presents itself, and then the lake of Grasmere, the valley of which is thus described by Mr. Gray: "The bosom of
 " the mountains spreading here into a
 " broad basin, discover, in the midst,
 " Grasmere water; its margin is hollow-
 " ed into small bays with eminences, some
 " of rock, some of soft turf, that half
 " conceal and vary the figure of the lit-
 " tle lake they command. From the
 " shore, a low promontory pushes itself
 " far into the water, and on it stands a

" white

“ white village, with a parish church ri-
 “ sing in the midst of it, hanging inclo-
 “ sures, corn fields, and meadows, green
 “ as emerald, with their trees, and hedges,
 “ and cattle, fill up the whole space from
 “ the edge of the water; and just opposite
 “ to you is a large farm house, at the
 “ bottom of a steep smooth lawn embor-
 “ somed in old wood, which climb half
 “ way up the mountains sides, and dis-
 “ cover above a broken line of craggs that
 “ crown the scene. Not a single red tile,
 “ nor flaring gentleman’s house, or gar-
 “ den wall, break in upon the repose of
 “ this little unsuspected paradise; but all
 “ is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty,
 “ in its neatest and most becoming at-
 “ tire.”

Leaving this, we proceeded, by Rydall
 water, to the lake of Windermere. This
 is an extensive piece of water, interspersed
 with islands, the lands on either side well

cultivated, and the whole exhibiting a choice assemblage of the richest and most variegated beauties. Over against Bow-nass stands a circular mansion, built on one of the isles: the taste is singular; but I cannot conceive it otherwise than disadvantageous to the general prospect, particularly as the gardens are walled in, and most formally displayed.

At this place we took our leave of the lakes, and, continuing our journey over the Moors, came to Kendal. This is the largest town in Westmorland, and consists of good streets excellently paved; it is distant two hundred and fifty-six miles from London. The ruins of a castle on the farther side of the river are scarce worth seeing; antiquarians differ as to the time and by whom it was erected. From Kendal we proceeded to Burton, on the borders of Lancashire, and from Burton to Lancaster, the chief city of that county.

Lancaster is a large and populous town, well built, clean, and abounding in good houses. The castle is a remarkable piece of antiquity; it is very old, but still in high preservation, and its situation commanding. The ditch surrounding it was made by order of the Emperor Adrian, and Constantine Chlorus, who commanded in Britain about the beginning of the fourth century, caused two towers to be built, of which some traces are still remaining.

Leaving Lancaster, we proceeded to Preston, a considerable and well-inhabited town, and thence to Liverpool. This town, next to London, has the greatest appearance of wealth and industry of any in the kingdom; every street is crowded with people, the docks and river are filled with shipping, the quays are piled with goods, and the merchants and traders carry the ostensible marks of riches in their looks;

looks; but altogether, the town is not to be compared with Lancaster.

From Liverpool we proceeded, through Prescot and Warrington, to Northwich, a considerable town in Cheshire. In the neighbourhood of Northwich salt has been made from springs for many years; it was not, however, until lately that the pits of rock salt were discovered, and that they were worked to advantage. On going to one of these pits, we found the same ceremony observed as at all the break-neck places we had visited. Miners' jackets and caps were substituted in lieu of our own dresses, and thus accoutred, into a bucket we were thrust one after another, and in that manner lowered down about two hundred feet. Accustomed to much greater depths, this, you may be assured, was but a trifle to us in the matter of descending. It is true, that, by the distribution of lights, we could easily discern our landing place

below

below from our first off-set in case of an accident; but this was nothing; draw-well-like, as one bucket went down another came up; one crammed with man, the other filled with brine: but this, let me tell you, had its good consequences; for as salt is an acknowledged preservative of animal consistency, and as the ascending bucket gently sprinkled a little of its contents upon the creatures who were lowering in the nether one, this same fluid served as a specific against the vapours of the place. Armed, then, in this manner, we all got to the bottom; but our surprise is scarcely to be conceived. In former excursions, room had scarcely been allotted to us for other purposes than merely to crawl upon our knees as brutes; here another scene exhibited itself. Conceive an extensive area of solid rock, level as if it had been worked by the nicest hand of masonry; the roof in the same manner rising to a dome with a cupola in the

the center, and the whole supported by the most regular colonades, five and forty feet in height, eighteen feet in thickness, and distant from each other about four and twenty feet; this, too, all of rock salt, and glittering with transparency. Credit me when I tell you, that of all subterranean curiosities in this island, this is probably the best worth seeing. Were I in a romantic humour, truth would support me in almost any thing I could say of it; but I am tired to death with description — it is a most laborious business. Seize, therefore, upon the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and pick out the dazzling palace of some Genii, and there transport yourself in imagination: this will give you some idea of it; inadequate, perhaps, but sufficient in some degree to answer the impression I am desirous you should receive. The quantity of rock beneath, the miners are not able to ascertain; dangers irremediable would attend the trial. It

was once made, but with a melancholy consequence: water gushed in, and with such irresistible impetuosity, that it filled the cavern, and destroyed every creature who was in it.

From Northwich we again turned towards the North, passing through Athrington, and thence to Wortley, where we had the satisfaction of embarking on the Duke of Bridgewater's canal. Extensive as this cut undoubtedly is, it is still rendered more worthy of admiration from its being effected by the exertions of a single individual, and that, too, at an age (his Grace being no more than one and twenty when he began it) when gaiety and dissipation are, in general, the superfeders of every other consideration. The windings of this artificial river, in its subterranean navigation, are measured about eight miles; many parts through the simple excavations in the rocks, others

arched with masonry and brick work. The coal pits to which these lead are at present worked to much advantage ; in time they promise to the Duke a reimbursement of the great sums he has heretofore expended. Upon the whole, it is a wonderful and stupendous work, deserving much praise, and highly meriting applause and imitation.

From Worsley we proceeded to Manchester. This town, in Lancashire, stands near the conflux of the rivers Irk and Irwell, three miles from the Mersey, and one hundred and eighty-two miles from London. The buildings, manufactures, and trade of this place surpass all others in the county. The fustian manufactory, called Manchester cotton, for which it has been famous for upwards of one hundred and fifty years, has likewise been much improved by several inventions of dying and printing.

From

From Manchester we continued, through Rochdale and Halifax, to Bradford, and thence to Leeds. This is an ancient and populous town, situate on the banks of the river Aire, and has long been famous for its woollen manufacture; the selling of which on a market-day in the cloth-hall, is curious. Within two or three miles of Leeds stand the venerable ruins of Kirkstall abbey, built by Henry de Lacy anno 1147, and dedicated to the Virgin. The Monks were of the Cistercian Order, an order exempt from the general payment of all tithes, because their foundations were to be in such places as had not been tilled before, as woods or other waste grounds. By the ruins it appears to have been a stately fabric, and, excepting Fountains's abbey, is, I think, inferior to none we have hitherto met with. But,

“ ——— Time's gradual touch
 “ Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
 “ Which when it frown'd with all its battlements,
 “ Was only terrible; and many a fane
 VOL. II. S “ Monastic,

“ Monastic, which, when deck’d with all its spires,
“ Serv’d but to feed some pamper’d Abbot’s pride,
“ And awe the unletter’d vulgar.

MASON.

Leaving Leeds, we proceeded, through Wakefield and Barnsley, to Wentworth Castle, a most charmingly situated place, belonging to the Earl of Strafford, and thence to Wentworth House, the usual residence of the Marquis of Rockingham, which, though large, and of a fair appearance, has nothing above the common stile to recommend it to consideration. The pictures in it are some of them good, particularly

Several horses, by Stubbs. And

An original (as is supposed) of our immortal Shakespeare, the master unknown.

Hence we continued, through Rotherham and Workop, to Workop Manor, a prodigious

prodigious pile of unfinished building, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, and thence to Welbeck, a seat of the Duke of Portland. Here we found an appearance of every thing that was comfortable; the house itself not large, but convenient, furnished with modesty, and much more for utility than ornament. The following pictures in it are finished in an exquisite manner, and in high preservation:

Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Lord Strafford, a Madona, and some family pieces, by Vandyke. As also

An original of Mary Queen of Scots, while under confinement.

From Welbeck we continued to Mansfield, once famous for an ancient custom of the manor, that the heirs were declared of age on the day on which they were born; thence to Lord Byron's in Sher-

wood forest, a miserable place, and thence to Nottingham. This town stands on the Lind, near its influx into the Trent, one hundred and twenty-four miles from London. The castle, supposed to have been built by William the Conqueror, is a ruinous old building, erected on a vast acclivity. Here Charles I. set up his standard in 1642. In divers parts in and about the town are large, commodious apartments cut in the solid rock, many of which afford the best kind of cellaring for the ale, for which Nottingham is famous. From Nottingham, continuing our journey, we proceeded to Loughborough and Leicester, situated on the Roman military way, called the Fosse, and thence, through a fine pasture country, to Harborough, Oulden, Newport, and Wooburn. At this last place the Duke of Bedford has an extensive park, with a large, commodious house; nothing, however, singularly grand or magnificent.

nificent. The pictures are in general indifferent, excepting

A head of Rembrandt, by himself.

Joseph interpreting the Butler's dream.

A horse at the manger.

A landscape, by Claude le Loraine.

And

A full length of Lewis XVI. presented to the late Duke, when Ambassador Extraordinary at the court of France in 1763;

and from hence, without any farther remark, we made the best of our way to London.

And now for one concluding word and no more. Erasmus, in the sixteenth century, ascribed the frequent plagues in England to the nastiness and dirt, and slovenly habits among the people. "The floors," says he, "are commonly of
" clay,

“clay, strewed with rushes, under which
 “lies unmolested an ancient collection of
 “beer, greafe, fragments, bones, spittle,
 “excrements of dogs and cats, and every
 “thing that is nasty.” Hollingshed, even
 in Elizabeth’s reign, declares there was
 scarcely a chimney to the houses, even in
 considerable towns: the fire was kindled
 by the wall, and the smoke sought its way
 out at the roof, or doors, or windows.
 The houses were nothing but watling,
 plaistered over. The people slept on straw
 pallets, and had a good round log under
 their head for a pillow: and almost all the
 furniture and utensils were of wood.

The happy transformation of things
 since those days, hath, in the most grati-
 fying manner, in the course of our jour-
 ney, been exhibited before us. Refinement
 in a few years hath scattered the sweets of
 comfort and elegance around the land,
 Virtue and ability start up, where rugged
 boorishness

boorishness had formerly its haunts. The soil is the soil of liberty and good humour, and we enjoy it with, perhaps, an accession of delight, in the comparative reflection of what it is to what it has been.

Adieu, my friend. The patience with which you have hitherto borne the roughest, possibly, of all rough attempts at delineation, demands my warmest acknowledgements.—Thank you for your kindness.

Farewell.

T H E E N D.

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is the soil of liberty and good hu-
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- Page 54, line 18, for *country*, read *county*.
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— 171, — 6, for *is*, read *had*.
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